



RICKS COLLEGE LRC



04 00 048 142 1

# Granger Index

DATE DUE

APR 16 1984

SEP 21 1988

APR 24 1992

NOV 12 1992

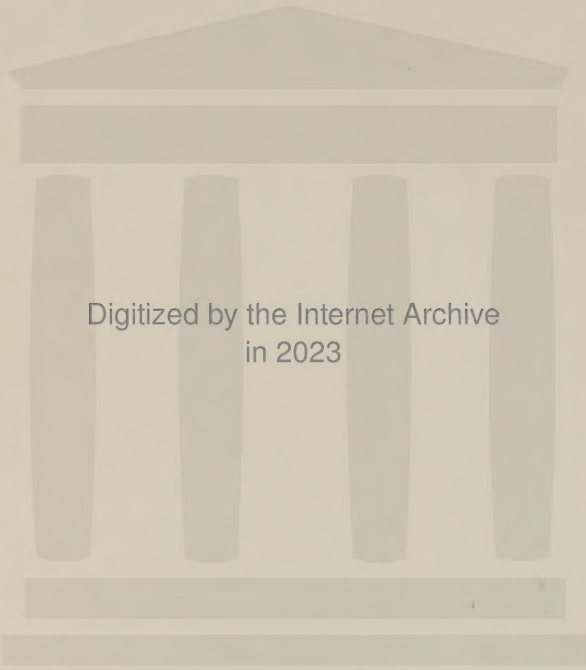
MAY -9 1997

WITHDRAWN

FEB 10 2023

DAVID O. MCKAY LIBRARY  
BYU-IDAHO

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2023

THE BOOK  
OF  
BABY VERSE





BABY STUART

THE BOOK  
OF  
BABY VERSE

COLLECTED BY  
JOSEPH MORRIS  
AND  
ST. CLAIR ADAMS

GRANGER BOOKS  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

First Published 1923  
Reprinted 1976

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



## FOREWORD

**T**HIS volume brings together in small compass the best baby verse ever written. It comprises both popular and classic material, and appeals to the utmost variety of tastes.

As a gift book it is intended for the mother with a baby of her own. It expresses to her in poetry all that her child is and does in reality. It says all the things that are in her heart as only the poets can say things for us. It embodies in rapturous music the song that thrills her in silence—the unsung song of the mother.

But it is more than a gift book, more than a volume for some one class of humankind. Everybody loves babies. Observe the conduct of human beings—statesmen and débutantes and servants and coal heavers—who sit together in a room. Often there is constraint, often stark hatred, between them. Then let a baby be placed in their midst. Animosities vanish, self-consciousness disappears, smiles and congenialities succeed glum reserve. Why? Is it that, as Shakespeare says, “one touch of nature makes the whole world kin” and the baby, with its genuineness, cleaves through the artificial restraints? Or is it that, in Wordsworth’s phrase, “heaven lies about us in our infancy” and the glimpse of a baby’s face takes us back to the time when we too were environed of a bliss as of heaven?

Both poets and painters speak to the spirit, but they speak through a different medium. The poet addresses the sense of hearing; his instruments are beautiful sounds. The painter appeals to the sense of sight; his instruments are exquisite colors. In this volume, though the emphasis is on the work of the poet, the painter has not been neglected. In

all art there is no more notable child's-picture than "Baby Stuart," here reproduced as a frontispiece. In this picture Van Dyck has caught the sweetness, simplicity, and innocence, not only of his little subject, but of all babyhood.

Grateful thanks are extended to authors and to publishers for permission to use copyright material.

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
Ah-Goo! .....	<i>Adams</i> ..... 63
Alice .....	<i>Bashford</i> ..... 161
Angel's Whisper, The .....	<i>Lower</i> ..... 81
Babes in the Wood .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 147
Babie, The .....	<i>Rankin</i> ..... 23
Baby, The .....	<i>Macdonald</i> ..... 2
Baby, The .....	<i>Taylor</i> ..... 27
Baby, The .....	<i>Taylor</i> ..... 48
Baby across the Street, The .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 176
Baby and I .....	<i>Pickens</i> ..... 116
Baby Bell .....	<i>Aldrich</i> ..... 34
Baby Bunting .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 37
Baby Charley .....	<i>Lanier</i> ..... 137
Babyhood .....	<i>Riley</i> ..... 1
Baby in Church .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 187
Baby in the House, A .....	<i>Wilcox</i> ..... 40
Baby Is Creeping .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 153
Baby Is King .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 52
Baby-Land .....	<i>Cooper</i> ..... 9
Babyland .....	<i>Wilcox</i> ..... 6
Baby May .....	<i>Bennett</i> ..... 163
Baby Mine .....	<i>Locker-Lampson</i> .. 102
Baby, Open Your Eyes .....	<i>Bennett</i> ..... 142
Baby over the Way, The .....	<i>Gladden</i> ..... 185
Baby Paul .....	<i>Thompson</i> ..... 166
Baby Reigns Supreme .....	<i>Longfellow</i> ..... 110
Baby Song, A .....	<i>Stoddard</i> ..... 128
Baby's Got a Tooth .....	<i>Guest</i> ..... 201
Baby's Protest, The .....	<i>Morris</i> ..... 174
Baby's Skies .....	<i>Bartlett</i> ..... 28
Bald-Headed Tyrant, The .....	<i>Vandyne</i> ..... 43
Ballad of Baby Bunting, The .....	<i>Leigh</i> ..... 43
Bartholomew .....	<i>Gale</i> ..... 162
Beard and Baby .....	<i>Field</i> ..... 168
Bedtime .....	<i>Erskine</i> ..... 74

	PAGE
"Booh!" .....	<i>Field</i> ..... 54
Bye, Baby, Bye .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 129
Censor, The .....	<i>Adams</i> ..... 179
Changeling, The .....	<i>Lowell</i> ..... 138
Choosing a Name .....	<i>Lamb</i> ..... 22
"Coming Man," The .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 189
Cottager to Her Infant, The .....	<i>Wordsworth</i> ..... 80
Counting Baby's Toes .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 45
Cradle Hymn, A .....	<i>Watts</i> ..... 92
Cradle Song .....	<i>Blake</i> ..... 95
Cradle Song .....	<i>Holland</i> ..... 78
Cradle Song .....	<i>Prentiss</i> ..... 82
Cradle Songs .....	<i>Swinburne</i> ..... 106
Difference, The .....	<i>Richards</i> ..... 203
Dream Baby .....	<i>Morris</i> ..... 119
Étude Réaliste .....	<i>Swinburne</i> ..... 20
Face, A .....	<i>Wilcox</i> ..... 146
Father Is Coming .....	<i>Howitt</i> ..... 88
Favorite, The .....	<i>Stillman</i> ..... 144
Firstborn, The .....	<i>Goodchild</i> ..... 51
First Christmas, The .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 182
First Snow-Fall, The .....	<i>Lowell</i> ..... 89
First Step, The .....	<i>Saxton</i> ..... 183
First Steps, The .....	<i>Guest</i> ..... 192
First Tooth, The .....	<i>Rands</i> ..... 178
Fred Englehardt's Baby .....	<i>Adams</i> ..... 172
Frescoes .....	<i>Adams</i> ..... 203
Getting Up .....	<i>Taylor</i> ..... 145
Going to Bed .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 69
Good-Night .....	<i>Taylor</i> ..... 99
Happy Household, The .....	<i>Field</i> ..... 3
Heaven Lies about Us in Our Infancy...	<i>Wordsworth</i> ..... 20
Her Name .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 54
His New Brother .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 18
Holy Innocents .....	<i>Rossetti</i> ..... 90
Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead.	<i>Tennyson</i> ..... 199

# CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
In the Doorway ..... <i>Custice</i> .....	159
In the Tree-Top ..... <i>Larcom</i> .....	76
Inevitable ..... <i>Wilcox</i> .....	208
Infant Joy ..... <i>Blake</i> .....	26
Infant Sorrow ..... <i>Blake</i> .....	26
Irish Lullaby, An ..... <i>Graves</i> .....	126
Jenny wi' the Airn Teeth ..... <i>Anderson</i> .....	100
Kentucky Babe ..... <i>Buck</i> .....	125
King of the Cradle, The ..... <i>Ashby-Sterry</i> .....	58
Kisses ..... <i>Anonymous</i> .....	169
Lamb, The ..... <i>Blake</i> .....	10
Little Birdie ..... <i>Tennyson</i> .....	153
Little Brown Baby ..... <i>Dunbar</i> .....	200
Little Feet ..... <i>Akers</i> .....	24
Little Sailor-Man, The ..... <i>Morris</i> .....	130
Love at First Sight ..... <i>Morley</i> .....	11
Lullaby ..... <i>Greene</i> .....	72
Lullaby ..... <i>Nairne</i> .....	124
Lullaby, A ..... <i>Montgomery</i> .....	117
Lullaby, A ..... <i>Rowlands</i> .....	123
Lullaby, A ..... <i>Stanton</i> .....	109
Lullaby, O Lullaby ..... <i>Bennett</i> .....	126
Lullaby of an Infant Chief ..... <i>Scott</i> .....	91
Mamma's Kisses ..... <i>Anonymous</i> .....	53
Mater Triumphans ..... <i>Stevenson</i> .....	207
Mill, The ..... <i>Adams</i> .....	190
Morning-Glory, The ..... <i>Lowell</i> .....	104
Morning Greeting, A ..... <i>Anonymous</i> .....	143
Mother and Child ..... <i>Simms</i> .....	50
Mother Song ..... <i>Anonymous</i> .....	94
Mother-Song ..... <i>Austin</i> .....	127
Mother's Song ..... <i>Anonymous</i> .....	130
Mother to Babe ..... <i>Meredith</i> .....	111
Mr. Dream-Maker ..... <i>Peck</i> .....	132
My Bird ..... <i>Judson</i> .....	113
My Good-for-Nothing ..... <i>Miller</i> .....	173
My Little Dear ..... <i>Radford</i> .....	75

	PAGE
My Little Girl .....	<i>Peck</i> 98
My Lost Baby .....	<i>Anonymous</i> 118
New Arrival, A .....	<i>Cable</i> 8
New Baby, The .....	<i>Anonymous</i> 14
New-Born Child, A .....	<i>Jones</i> 9
New-Comers, The .....	<i>Freeland</i> 58
No Baby in the House .....	<i>Dolliver</i> 61
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep .....	<i>Howland</i> 68
Nursery Elf, The .....	<i>Pollard</i> 114
Old Gaelic Cradle Song, An.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 75
Only .....	<i>Spofford</i> 12
Only a Baby .....	<i>Anonymous</i> 31
Only a Baby Small .....	<i>Barr</i> 17
Papa .....	<i>Anonymous</i> 154
Parental Recollections .....	<i>Lamb</i> 174
Patience with Love .....	<i>Kling</i> 195
Peek-A-Boo .....	<i>Pollard</i> 142
Peek-A-Boo .....	<i>Wilcox</i> 158
Philip, My King .....	<i>Craik</i> 102
Poppy-Land Express, The .....	<i>Abbott</i> 71
Prayer, A .....	<i>Fawcett</i> 141
Retreat, The .....	<i>Vaughan</i> 36
Rhyme, A .....	<i>Swinburne</i> 77
Rhyme of One, A .....	<i>Locker-Lampson</i> 181
Road to Slumber-Land, The .....	<i>Brine</i> 73
Rock-A-Bye Baby .....	<i>Anonymous</i> 70
Rock-A-By Land .....	<i>Brininstool</i> 45
Rocking the Baby .....	<i>Morris</i> 121
Ruth .....	<i>Anonymous</i> 164
Salutation, The .....	<i>Traherne</i> 61
Sandman, The .....	<i>Janvier</i> 66
Secret, The .....	<i>Anonymous</i> 171
She Came and Went .....	<i>Lowell</i> 115
Silent Baby .....	<i>Anonymous</i> 140
Sleep, Baby, Sleep .....	<i>Wither</i> 96
Sleep, Sleep! .....	<i>Henshaw</i> 108



# CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
Sleep, Sleep, Mine Holy One .....	<i>Browning</i> ..... 85
Sleeping Child, A .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 133
Slumber Song .....	<i>Clare</i> ..... 132
Slumber Song, A .....	<i>Cooke</i> ..... 65
Something New .....	<i>Sangster</i> ..... 13
Song for a Babe .....	<i>Ingelow</i> ..... 82
Song of Twilight, A .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 112
Songs for Fragoletta .....	<i>Le Gallienne</i> ..... 155
Stork, The .....	<i>Field</i> ..... 29
Sweet and Low .....	<i>Tennyson</i> ..... 86
Taking the Baby's Picture .....	<i>Stanton</i> ..... 196
Timely Blossom, Infant Fair .....	<i>Philips</i> ..... 47
To a New-Born Child .....	<i>Monkhouse</i> ..... 33
To a New-Born Baby Girl .....	<i>Conkling</i> ..... 38
To Another Woman's Baby .....	<i>Wilcox</i> ..... 198
To a Very Young Gentleman .....	<i>Morley</i> ..... 28
To Laura W—, Two Years Old ....	<i>Willis</i> ..... 204
To Rose .....	<i>Teasdale</i> ..... 206
Trot, Trot! .....	<i>Butts</i> ..... 64
Two Baby Feet .....	<i>Felton</i> ..... 57
Two Tireless Little Feet .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 170
Tucking Baby In .....	<i>May</i> ..... 122
Watching for Papa .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 184
Way the Baby Came, The .....	<i>Riley</i> ..... 17
Weariness .....	<i>Longfellow</i> ..... 87
Weighing the Baby .....	<i>Beers</i> ..... 15
Welcome, Little Stranger .....	<i>Adams</i> ..... 41
What a Baby Costs .....	<i>Guest</i> ..... 5
What Shall We Wrap the Baby In? ...	<i>Larcom</i> ..... 37
When Baby Souls Sail Out .....	<i>Wilcox</i> ..... 133
Whenever a Little Child Is Born .....	<i>Carter</i> ..... 16
Where Shall the Baby's Dimple Be? ...	<i>Holland</i> ..... 39
Where's My Baby? .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 194
Why? .....	<i>Moore</i> ..... 55
Willie Winkie .....	<i>Miller</i> ..... 83
Winnie .....	<i>Anonymous</i> ..... 161
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod .....	<i>Field</i> ..... 135



# THE BOOK OF BABY VERSE

## BABYHOOD

**H**EIGH-HO! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger!  
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;  
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger  
Back to the lotus-lands of the far-away!

Turn back the leaves of life.—Don't read the story.—  
Let's find the pictures, and fancy all the rest;  
We can fill the written pages with a brighter glory  
Than old Time, the story-teller, at his very best.

Turn to the brook where the honeysuckle tipping  
O'er its vase of perfume spills it on the breeze,  
And the bee and humming-bird in ecstasy are sipping  
From the fairy flagons on the blooming locust-trees.

Turn to the lane where we used to "teeter-totter,"  
Printing little foot-palms in the mellow mold—  
Laughing at the lazy cattle wading in the water  
Where the ripples dimple round the buttercups of gold;

Where the dusky turtle lies basking on the gravel  
Of the sunny sand-bar in the middle tide,

And the ghostly dragon-fly pauses in his travel  
To rest like a blossom where the water-lily died.

Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger!  
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;  
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger  
Back to the lotus-lands of the far-away!

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

From the Biographical Edition  
Of the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley,  
Copyright, 1913.  
Used by special permission of the publishers,  
The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

## THE BABY

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?  
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?  
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?  
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?  
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?  
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?  
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?  
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?  
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?  
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?  
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?  
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?  
God thought of *you*, and so I am here.

*George Macdonald.*

## THE HAPPY HOUSEHOLD

**I**T'S when the birds go piping and the daylight slowly  
breaks,

That clamoring for his dinner, our precious baby wakes;  
Then it's sleep no more for baby, and it's sleep no more for  
me,

For, when he wants his dinner, why it's dinner it must be!  
And of that lacteal fluid he partakes with great ado,

While gran'ma laughs,  
And gran'pa laughs,  
And wife, she laughs,  
And I—well, *I* laugh, *too!*

You'd think, to see us carrying on about that little tad,  
That, like as not, that baby was the first we'd ever had;  
But, sakes alive! he isn't, yet we people make a fuss  
As if the only baby in the world had come to *us*!  
And, morning, noon, and night-time, whatever he may do,  
    Gran'ma, she laughs,  
    Gran'pa, he laughs,  
    Wife, she laughs,  
    And *I*, of course, laugh, *too*!

But once—a likely spell ago—when that poor little chick  
From teething or from some such ill of infancy fell sick,  
You wouldn't know us people as the same that went about  
A-feelin' good all over, just to hear him crow and shout;  
And, though the doctor poohed our fears and said he'd pull  
    him through,  
    Old gran'ma cried,  
    And gran'pa cried,  
    And wife, she cried,  
    And *I*—yes, *I* cried, *too*!

It makes us all feel good to have a baby on the place,  
With his everlastin' crowing and his dimpling, dumpling  
    face;  
The patter of his pinky feet makes music everywhere,  
And when he shakes those fists of his, good-by to every care!  
No matter *what* our trouble is, when *he* begins to *coo*,  
    Old gran'ma laughs,  
    And gran'pa laughs,



Wife, she laughs,  
And I—you bet, *I laugh, too!*

*Eugene Field.*

From "Poems of Eugene Field,"  
Copyright, 1910, by Julia S. Field.  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

### WHAT A BABY COSTS

"**H**OW much do babies cost?" said he  
The other night upon my knee;  
And then I said: "They cost a lot;  
A lot of watching by a cot,  
A lot of sleepless hours and care,  
A lot of heart-ache and despair,  
A lot of fear and trying dread,  
And sometimes many tears are shed  
In payment for our babies small,  
But every one is worth it all.

"For babies people have to pay  
A heavy price from day to day—  
There is no way to get one cheap.  
Why, sometimes when they're fast asleep  
You have to get up in the night  
And go and see that they're all right.  
But what they cost in constant care  
And worry, does not half compare  
With what they bring of joy and bliss—  
You'd pay much more for just a kiss.

"Who buys a baby has to pay  
A portion of the bill each day;

He has to give his time and thought  
Unto the little one he's bought.  
He has to stand a lot of pain  
Inside his heart and not complain;  
And pay with lonely days and sad  
For all the happy hours he's had.  
All this a baby costs, and yet  
His smile is worth it all, you bet."

*Edgar A. Guest.*

From "A Heap o' Livin',"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
The Reilly & Lee Company.

## BABYLAND

**H**AVE you heard of the Valley of Babyland,  
The realm where the dear little darlings stay,  
Till the kind storks go, as all men know,  
And oh, so tenderly bring them away?  
The paths are winding and past all finding  
By all save the storks, who understand  
The gates and the highways and the intricate by-ways  
That lead to Babyland.

All over the Valley of Babyland  
Sweet flowers bloom in the soft green moss,  
And under the ferns fair, and under the plants there  
Lie little heads like spools of floss.  
With a soothing number the river of slumber  
Flows o'er a bedway of silver sand;  
And angels are keeping watch o'er the sleeping  
Babes of Babyland.

The path to the Valley of Babyland  
Only the kingly, kind storks know ;  
If they fly over mountains, or wade through fountains,  
No man sees them come or go.  
But an angel maybe, who guards some baby,  
Or a fairy, perhaps, with her magic wand,  
Brings them straightway to the wonderful gateway  
That leads to Babyland.

And there, in the Valley of Babyland,  
Under the mosses and leaves and ferns,  
Like an unfledged starling they find the darling  
For whom the heart of a mother yearns ;  
And they lift him lightly and snug him tightly  
In feathers soft as a lady's hand,  
And off with a rockaway step they walk away  
Out of Babyland.

As they go from the Valley of Babyland  
Forth into the world of great unrest,  
Sometimes weeping he wakes from sleeping  
Before he reaches the mother's breast.  
Ah, how she blesses him, how she caresses him,  
Bonniest bird in the bright home band  
That o'er land and water the kind stork brought her  
From far-off Babyland.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

From "How Salvator Won,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.

## A NEW ARRIVAL

**T**HERE came to port last Sunday night  
The queerest little craft,  
Without an inch of rigging on;  
I looked and looked and laughed.  
It seemed so curious that she  
Should cross the Unknown water,  
And moor herself right in my room,  
My daughter, O my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all  
She's welcome fifty times,  
And comes consigned to Hope and Love  
And common-meter rhymes.  
She has no manifest but this,  
No flag floats o'er the water,  
She's too new for the British Lloyds—  
My daughter, O my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells, and tame ones too!  
Ring out the lover's moon!  
Ring in the little worsted socks!  
Ring in the bib and spoon!  
Ring out the muse! ring in the nurse!  
Ring in the milk and water!  
Away with paper, pen, and ink—  
My daughter, O my daughter!

*George W. Cable.*

## A NEW-BORN CHILD

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled:  
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,  
Calm thou mayest smile, whilst all around thee weep.

*William Jones.*

## BABY-LAND

"HOW many miles to Baby-Land?"  
"Any one can tell;  
Up one flight,  
To the right;  
Please to ring the bell."

"What can you see in Baby-Land?"  
"Little folks in white—  
Downy heads,  
Cradle-beds  
Faces pure and bright!"

"What do they do in Baby-Land?"  
"Dream and wake and play,  
Laugh and crow,  
Shout and grow;  
Jolly times have they!"

“What do they say in Baby-Land?”

“Why the oddest things;

Might as well

Try to tell

What a birdie sings.”

“Who is the Queen of Baby-Land?”

“Mother, kind and sweet;

And her love,

Born above,

Guides the little feet.”

*George Cooper.*

### THE LAMB

**L**ITTLE Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little Lamb, who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;  
He is callèd by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a Lamb.



He is meek, and He is mild;  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.  
    Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
    Little Lamb, God bless thee!

*William Blake.*

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

**N**OT long ago I fell in love,  
    But unreturned is my affection—  
The girl that I'm <sup>loved</sup> enamored of  
    Pays little heed in my direction.

I thought I knew her fairly well:  
    In fact, I'd had my arm around her;  
And so it's hard to have to tell  
    How unresponsive I have found her.

For, though she is not frankly rude,  
    Her manners quite the wrong way rub me:  
It seems to me ingratitude  
    To let me love her—and then snub me!

Though I'm considerate and fond,  
    She shows no gladness when she spies me—  
She gazes off somewhere beyond  
    And doesn't even recognize me.

Her eyes, so candid, calm and blue,  
Seem asking if I can support her  
In the style appropriate to  
A lady like her father's daughter.

Well, if I can't, then no one can—  
And let me add that I intend to:  
She'll never know another man  
So fit for her to be a friend to.

Not love me, eh? She better had!  
By Jove, I'll make her love me one day;  
For, don't you see, I am her Dad,  
And she'll be three weeks old on Sunday!

*Christopher Morley.*

From "The Rocking Horse,"  
Copyright, 1919,  
George H. Doran Co., Publishers.

## ONLY

SOMETHING to live for came to the place,  
Something to die for maybe,  
Something to give even sorrow a grace,  
And yet it was only a baby!

Cooing, and laughter, and gurgles, and cries,  
Dimples of tenderest kisses,  
Chaos of hopes, and of raptures, and sighs,  
Chaos of fears and of blisses.

Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn;  
This year a wilderness maybe;  
But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn  
That is brought them only a baby.

*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

By permission of and arrangement with  
Houghton Mifflin Co., authorized publishers.

## SOMETHING NEW

**T**HERE'S something new at our home—I'm s'prised  
you didn't know it;

It makes papa feel awful proud, although he hates to  
show it.

The thing is not so very big, but money couldn't buy it;  
If any fellow thinks it could, I'd like to see him try it.

It's half-a-dozen things at once—a dove, a love, a flower;  
Mamma calls it a hundred names, and new ones every  
hour;

It is a little music-box, with tunes for every minute;  
You haven't got one at your house, and so you are not  
in it.

It puckers up its wee, wee mouth, as if it meant to whistle;  
A gold mine weighed against it then were lighter than a  
thistle;

Papa said so the other night—I thought it sounded splendid,  
And said it to myself until I fell asleep, and ended.

Of course you've guessed it by this time—our gift that  
came from heaven;

Mamma declares the darling thing was by the angels given.  
But then some folks are very slow, and some are stupid;  
maybe

I ought to say, right straight and plain, come home and see  
our baby.

*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Permission from the author.  
From "Little Knights and Ladies,"  
Harper & Brothers.

## THE NEW BABY

I 'SE a poor little sorrowful baby,  
For Bidget is way down tairs,  
The titten has statched my finder,  
And dolly won't say her payers.  
Ain't seen my bootiful mamma  
Since ever so long adoe,  
And I ain't her tunningest baby  
No longer, for Bidget says so.

My mamma's dot a new baby;  
Dod dived it, he did, yesterday;  
And it kies, and it kies, so defful,  
I wish he would tate it away.  
Don't want no sweet little sister,  
I want my dood mamma, I do,  
I want her to tiss me, and tiss me,  
And tall me her pesses Lulu.

Oh, here tums nurse wis the baby!  
It sees me yite out of its eyes;  
I dess we will keep it, and dive it  
Some tandy whenever it kies;  
I dess I will dive it my dolly  
To play wis 'most every day;  
And I dess, I dess—say, Bidget,  
Ask Dod not to tate it away.

*Anonymous.*

### WEIGHING THE BABY

“**H**OW many pounds does the baby weigh—  
Baby who came but a month ago?  
How many pounds from the crowning curl  
To the rosy point of the restless toe?”

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief knot,  
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,  
And carefully over his glasses peers  
To read the record, “only eight.”

Softly the echo goes around:  
The father laughs at the tiny girl;  
The fair young mother sings the words,  
While grandmother smooths the golden curl.

And stooping above the precious thing,  
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,  
Murmuring softly “Little one,  
Grandfather did not weigh you fair.”

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,  
Or the love that came with the helpless one;  
Nobody weighed the threads of care,  
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth  
Of a little baby's quiet breath—  
A soft, unceasing metronome,  
Patient and faithful until death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,  
For here on earth no weights there be  
That could avail; God only knows  
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul  
That seeks no angel's silver wing,  
But shrines it in this human guise,  
Within so frail and small a thing!

Oh, mother, laugh your merry note,  
Be gay and glad, but don't forget  
From baby's eyes looks out a soul  
That claims a home in Eden yet.

*Ethel Lynn Beers.*

## WHENEVER A LITTLE CHILD IS BORN

**W**HENEVER a little child is born,  
All night a soft wind rocks the corn,  
One more butter-cup wakes to the morn,  
Somewhere.



One more rose-bud shy will unfold,  
One more grass-blade push through the mold,  
One more bird's song the air will hold,  
Somewhere.

*Agnes L. Carter.*

### THE WAY THE BABY CAME

O THIS is the way the baby came:  
Out of the night as comes the dawn  
Out of the embers as the flame;  
Out of the bud the blossom on  
The apple-bough that blooms the same  
As in the glad summers dead and gone—  
With a grace and beauty none could name—  
O this is the way the baby came!

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

From the Biographical Edition  
Of the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley,  
Copyright, 1913.  
Used by special permission of the publishers,  
The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

### ONLY A BABY SMALL

O NLY a baby small,  
Dropped from the skies,  
Only a laughing face,  
Two sunny eyes;  
Only two cherry lips,  
One chubby nose;  
Only two little hands,  
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,  
Curly and soft;  
Only a tongue that wags  
Loudly and oft;  
Only a little brain,  
Empty of thought;  
Only a little heart,  
Troubled with naught.

Only a tender flower  
Sent us to rear;  
Only a life to love  
While we are here;  
Only a baby small,  
Never at rest;  
Small, but how dear to us,  
God knoweth best.

*Matthias Barr.*

### HIS NEW BROTHER

**Y**ES, I've got a little brother,  
Never asked for him from mother,  
But he's here;  
But I s'pose they went and bought him,  
For last week the doctor brought him;  
Ain't it queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,  
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly;  
'Cause you see

I just 'maged I could get him,  
And our dear mamma would let him  
Play with me.

But when once I had looked at him,  
I cried out: "Oh, dear! Is that him?  
Just that mite?"  
They said, "Yes, you may kiss him!"  
Well, I'm sure I'd never miss him.  
He's a fright!

He's so small, it's just amazing,  
And you'd think that he was blazing,  
He's so red;  
And his nose is like a berry,  
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry  
On his head.

He's no kind of good whatever,  
And he cries as if he'd never,  
Never stop;  
Won't sit up—you can't arrange him,  
Oh, why doesn't father change him  
At the shop?

Now, we've got to dress and feed him,  
And we really didn't need him,  
Little frog!  
And I cannot think why father  
Should have bought him when I'd rather  
Have a dog!

*Anonymous.*

## HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US IN OUR INFANCY

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy,  
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy;  
The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

*William Wordsworth.*

From "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood."

## ÉTUDE RÉALISTE

## I

A BABY'S feet, like seashells pink,  
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,  
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,  
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat  
They stretch and spread and wink  
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink  
Gleam half so heavenly sweet,  
As shine on life's untrodden brink  
A baby's feet.

## II

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled,  
Where yet no leaf expands,  
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,—  
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands  
When battle's bolt is hurled,  
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.  
No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled  
Match, even in loveliest lands,  
The sweetest flowers in all the world,—  
A baby's hands.

## III

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,  
Ere lips learn words or sighs,  
Bless all things bright enough to win  
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,  
And sleep flows out and in,  
Sees perfect in them Paradise!

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,  
Their speech make dumb the wise,  
By mute glad godhead felt within  
A baby's eyes.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

### CHOOSING A NAME

I HAVE got a new-born sister :  
I was nigh the first that kissed her.  
When the nursing-woman brought her  
To papa, his infant daughter,  
How papa's dear eyes did glisten !  
She will shortly be to christen ;  
And papa has made the offer,  
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,—  
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa ?  
Ann and Mary, they're too common ;  
Joan's too formal for a woman ;  
Jane's a prettier name beside ;  
But we had a Jane that died.  
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,  
That she was a little Quaker.  
Edith's pretty, but that looks  
Better in old English books ;  
Ellen's left off long ago ;  
Blanche is out of fashion now.  
None that I have named as yet

Is so good as Margaret.  
Emily is neat and fine;  
What do you think of Caroline?  
How I'm puzzled and perplexed  
What to choose or think of next!  
I am in a little fever  
Lest the name that I should give her  
Should disgrace her or defame her;—  
I will leave papa to name her.

*Mary Lamb.*

### THE BABIE

**N**AE shoon to hide her tiny taes,  
Nae stockin' on her feet;  
Her supple ankles white as snaw,  
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,  
Her double, dimplit chin,  
Her puckered lips, an' baumy mou',  
With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,  
Twa gentle, liquid things;  
Her face is like an angel's face,—  
We're glad she has nae wings.

*Jeremiah Eames Rankin.*

## LITTLE FEET

TWO little feet, so small that both may nestle  
In one caressing hand,—  
Two tender feet upon the untried border  
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled, and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms,  
In April's fragrant days,  
How can they walk among the briery tangles,  
Edging the world's rough ways?

These rose-white feet, along the doubtful future,  
Must bear a mother's load;  
Alas! since Woman has the heavier burden,  
And walks the harder road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them  
All dainty, smooth, and fair,—  
Will cull away the brambles, letting only  
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded  
Away from sight of men,  
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,  
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,  
Poor little untaught feet!  
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,  
What dangers will they meet?



Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness  
Of Sorrow's tearful shades?  
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty,  
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,  
The common world above?  
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,  
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk Life's track unwounded,  
Which find but pleasant ways:  
Some hearts there be to which this life is only  
A round of happy days.

But these are few. Far more there are who wander  
Without a hope or friend,—  
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,  
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,  
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,  
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway  
Stretches so fair and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling  
We crave all blessings sweet,  
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens  
Will guide the baby's feet.

*Elizabeth Akers.*

## INFANT JOY

"I HAVE no name;  
I am but two days old."  
What shall I call thee?  
"I happy am,  
Joy is my name."  
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!  
Sweet joy, but two days old.  
Sweet joy I call thee;  
Thou dost smile,  
I sing the while;  
Sweet joy befall thee!

*William Blake.*

## INFANT SORROW

MY mother groan'd, my father wept;  
Into the dangerous world I leapt,  
Helpless, naked, piping loud,  
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,  
Striving against my swaddling-bands,  
Bound and weary, I thought best  
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

*William Blake.*

## THE BABY

WHAT is the pretty little thing  
That nurse so carefully doth bring,  
And round its head her apron fling?  
A baby.

Oh, dear, how very soft its cheek:  
Why, nurse, I cannot make it speak,  
And it can't walk, it is so weak,  
Poor baby.

Here take a bite, you little dear,  
I've got some cake and sweetmeats here,  
'Tis very nice, you need not fear,  
You baby.

Oh, I'm afraid that it will die,  
Why can't it eat as well as I,  
And jump, and talk? do let it try,  
Poor baby.

Why, you were once a baby too,  
And could not jump, as now you do,  
But good mamma took care of you,  
Like baby.

And then she taught your pretty feet  
To pat along the carpet neat,  
And called papa to come and meet  
His baby.

Oh, good mamma, to take such care,  
And no kind pains and trouble spare,  
To feed and nurse you when you were  
A baby.

*Jane and Ann Taylor.*

### BABY'S SKIES

WOULD you know the baby's skies?  
Baby's skies are mother's eyes.  
Mother's eyes and smile together  
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mother, keep your eyes from tears,  
Keep your heart from foolish fears.  
Keep your lips from dull complaining  
Lest the baby think 'tis raining.

*M. C. Bartlett.*

### TO A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN

MY child, what painful vistas are before you!  
What years of youthful ills and pangs and  
bumps—  
Indignities from aunts who "just adore" you,  
And chicken-pox and measles, croup and mumps!  
I don't wish to dismay you,—it's not fair to,  
Promoted now from bassinet to crib,—  
But, O my babe, what troubles flesh is heir to  
Since God first made so free with Adam's rib!

Laboriously you will proceed with teething;  
When teeth are here, you'll meet the dentist's chair;  
They'll teach you ways of walking, eating, breathing,  
That stoves are hot, and how to brush your hair;  
And so, my poor, undaunted little stripling,  
By bruises, tears, and trousers you will grow,  
And, borrowing a leaf from Mr. Kipling,  
I'll wish you luck, and moralize you so:

If you can think up seven thousand methods  
Of giving cooks and parents heart disease;  
Can rifle pantry-shelves, and then give death odds  
By water, fire, and falling out of trees;  
If you can fill your every boyish minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of mischief done,  
Yours is the house and everything that's in it,  
And, which is more, you'll be your father's son.

*Christopher Morley.*

From "The Rocking Horse,"  
Copyright, 1919,  
George H. Doran Co., Publishers.

## THE STORK

LAST night the Stork came stalking,  
And, Stork, beneath your wing  
Lay, lapped in dreamless slumber,  
The tiniest little thing!  
From Babyland, out yonder  
Beside a silver sea,  
You brought a priceless treasure  
As gift to mine and me!

Last night my dear one listened—  
And, wife, you knew the cry—  
The dear old Stork has sought our home  
A many times gone by!  
And in your gentle bosom  
I found the pretty thing  
That from the realm out yonder  
Our friend the Stork did bring.

Last night a babe awakened,  
And, babe, how strange and new  
Must seem the home and people  
The Stork has brought you to;  
And yet methinks you like them—  
You neither stare nor weep,  
But closer to my dear one  
You cuddle, and you sleep!

Last night my heart grew fonder—  
O happy heart of mine,  
Sing of the inspirations  
That round my pathway shine!  
And sing your sweetest love-song  
To this dear nestling wee  
The Stork from 'Way-Out-Yonder  
Hath brought to mine and me!

*Eugene Field.*

ONLY A BABY

*(To a Little One Just a Week Old)*

ONLY a baby  
 'Thout any hair,  
 'Cept just a little  
 Fuzz here and there.

Only a baby,  
 Name you have none,  
 Barefooted and dimpled,  
 Sweet little one.

Only a baby,  
 Teeth none at all;  
 What are you good for,  
 Only to squall?

Only a baby,  
 Just a week old;  
 What are you here for,  
 You little scold?

*(Baby's Reply)*

Only a baby!  
 What sood I be?  
 Lots o' big folks  
 Been little like me.

Ain't dot any hair?  
 'Es I have, too;

S'pos'n I didn't,  
Dess it tood drow.

Not any teeth—  
Wouldn't have one;  
Don't dit my dinner  
Gnawin' a bone.

What am I here for?  
'At's pretty mean;  
Who's dot a better right  
'T ever you've seen?

What am I dood for,  
Did you say?  
Eber so many sings  
Ebery day.

Tourse I squall at times,  
Sometimes I bawl;  
Zey dassn't spant me,  
Taus I'm so small.

Only a baby!  
'Es, sir, 'at's so;  
'N' if you only tood,  
You'd be one, too.

'At's all I've to say,  
You're mos' too old;  
Dess I'll det into bed,  
Toes dettin' cold.

*Anonymous.*



## TO A NEW-BORN CHILD

**S**MALL traveler from an unseen shore,  
By mortal eye ne'er seen before,  
To you, good-morrow.  
You are as fair a little dame  
As ever from a glad world came  
To one of sorrow.

We smile above you, but you fret;  
We call you gentle names, and yet  
Your cries redouble.  
'Tis hard for little babes to prize  
The tender love that underlies  
A life of trouble.

And have you come from Heaven to earth?  
That were a road of little mirth,  
A doleful travel.  
"Why did you come?" you seem to cry,  
But that's a riddle you and I  
Can scarce unravel.

Perhaps you really wished to come,  
But now you are so far from home  
Repent the trial.  
What! did you leave celestial bliss  
To bless us with a daughter's kiss?  
What self-denial!

Have patience for a little space,  
You might have come to a worse place,  
Fair Angel-rover.

No wonder now you would have stayed,  
But hush your cries, my little maid,  
The journey's over.

For, utter stranger as you are,  
There yet are many hearts ajar  
For your arriving,  
And trusty friends and lovers true  
Are waiting, ready-made for you,  
Without your striving.

The earth is full of lovely things,  
And if at first you miss your wings,  
You'll soon forget them;  
And others, of a rarer kind,  
Will grow upon your tender mind—  
If you will let them—

Until you find that your exchange  
Of Heaven for earth expands your range  
E'en as a flier,  
And that your mother, you and I,  
If we do what we should, may fly  
Than Angels higher.

*Cosmo Monkhouse.*

## BABY BELL

### I

**H**AVE you not heard the poets tell  
How came the dainty Baby Bell  
Into this world of ours?  
The gates of heaven were left ajar:

With folded hands and dreamy eyes,  
Wandering out of Paradise,  
She saw this planet like a star,  
Hung in the glistening depths of even—  
Its bridges, running to and fro,  
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,  
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.  
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,  
So light they did not bend the bells  
Of the celestial asphodels,  
They fell like dew upon the flowers:  
Then all the air grew strangely sweet.  
And thus came dainty Baby Bell  
Into this world of ours.

## II

She came and brought delicious May;  
The swallows built beneath the eaves;  
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves  
The robins went, the livelong day;  
The lily swung its noiseless bell;  
And on the porch the slender vine  
Held out its cups of fairy wine.  
How tenderly the twilights fell!  
Oh, earth was full of singing-birds  
And opening springtide flowers,  
When the dainty Baby Bell  
Came to this world of ours.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

From "Complete Poems,"  
By permission of and arrangement with  
Houghton Mifflin Co., authorized publishers.

## THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early days, when I  
Shined in my Angel-infancy!  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy ought  
But a white celestial thought:  
When yet I had not walk'd above  
A mile or two from my first Love.  
And looking back—at that short space—  
Could see a glimpse of His bright face:  
When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r,  
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity:  
Before I taught my tongue to wound  
My Conscience with a sinful sound,  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A several sin to ev'ry sense,  
But felt through all this fleshly dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,  
And tread again that ancient track!  
That I might once more reach that plain  
Where first I felt my glorious train;  
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees  
That shady City of palm-trees.  
But ah! my soul with too much stay  
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!

Some men a forward motion love  
But I by backward steps would move;  
And when this dust falls to the urn,  
In that state I came, return.

*Henry Vaughan.*

### BABY BUNTING

**B**YE, baby bunting,  
Daddy's gone a-hunting  
To get a little rabbit-skin  
To wrap the baby bunting in.

*Anonymous.*

### WHAT SHALL WE WRAP THE BABY IN?

**W**HAT shall we wrap the baby in?  
Silks are too coarse, and velvets too rough,  
Snowiest linens not half white enough:  
A web for his blanket what fairy can spin?  
What shall we wrap the baby in?

The softest of colors may cover his bed,  
Delicate hues of the sky and the rose,  
Tints of all buds that in May-morns uncloze,  
When on the bosom of Sleep drops his head:—  
Wrap him in something more heavenly, instead!

What shall we wrap the baby in?  
Nothing that fingers have woven will do:  
Looms of the heart weave love ever new:  
Love, only love, is the right thread to spin,  
*Love* we must wrap the baby in!

*Lucy Larcom.*

## TO A NEW-BORN BABY GIRL

AND did thy sapphire shallop slip  
Its moorings suddenly, to dip  
Adown the clear, ethereal sea  
From star to star, all suddenly?  
What tenderness of archangels  
In silver thrilling syllables  
Pursued thee, or what dulcet hymn  
Low-chanted by the cherubim?  
And thou departing must have heard  
The holy Mary's farewell word,  
Who with deep eyes and wistful smile  
Remembered Earth a little while.

Now from the coasts of morning pale  
Comes safe to port thy tiny sail.  
Now have we seen by early sun,  
Thy miracle of life begun.  
All breathing and aware thou art,  
With beauty templ'd in thy heart  
To let thee recognize the thrill  
Of wings along far azure hill,  
And hear within the hollow sky  
Thy friends the angels rushing by.  
These shall recall that thou hast known  
Their distant country as thine own,  
To spare thee words of vales and streams,  
And publish heaven through thy dreams.  
The human accents of the breeze  
Through swaying star-acquainted trees

Shall seem a voice heard earlier,  
Her voice, the adoring sigh of her,  
When thou amid rosy cherub-play  
Didst hear her call thee, far away,  
And dream in very paradise  
The worship of thy mother's eyes.

*Grace Hazard Conkling.*

From "Afternoons of April,"  
By permission of and arrangement with  
Houghton Mifflin Co., authorized publishers.

## WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLE BE?

O VER the cradle a mother hung,  
Softly crooning a slumber song;  
And these were the simple words she sung  
All the evening long:

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,  
Where shall the baby's dimple be?  
Where shall the angel's finger rest  
When he comes down to the baby's nest?  
Where shall the angel's touch remain  
When he awakens my babe again?"

Still as she bent and sang so low,  
A murmur into her music broke;  
And she paused to hear, for she could but know  
The baby's angel spoke.

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,  
Where shall the baby's dimple be?  
Where shall my finger fall and rest

When I come down to the baby's nest?  
Where shall my finger's touch remain  
When I awaken your babe again?"

Silent the mother sat, and dwelt  
Long in the sweet delay of choice;  
And then by her baby's side she knelt,  
And sang with pleasant voice:

"Not on the limb, O angel dear!  
For the charm with its youth will disappear;  
Not on the cheek shall the dimple be,  
For the harboring smile will fade and flee;  
But touch thou the chin with an impress deep,  
And my baby the angel's seal shall keep."

*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

From "Complete Poems,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

## A BABY IN THE HOUSE

**I** KNEW that a baby was hid in the house;  
Though I saw no cradle and heard no cry,  
But the husband went tiptoeing 'round like a mouse,  
And the good wife was humming a soft lullaby;  
And there was a look on the face of that mother  
That I knew could mean only *one* thing, and no *other*.

"The *mother*," I said to myself; for I knew  
That woman before me was certainly that,



For there lay in the corner a tiny cloth shoe,  
And I saw on the stand such a wee little hat ;  
And the beard of the husband said as plain as could be,  
"Two fat, chubby hands have been tugging at me."

And he took from his pocket a gay picture-book,  
And a dog that would bark if you pulled on a string ;  
And the wife laid them up with such a pleased look ;  
And I said to myself, "There is no other thing  
But a babe that could bring about all this, and so  
That one is in hiding here somewhere, I know."

I stayed but a moment, and saw nothing more,  
And heard not a sound, yet I knew I was right ;  
What else could the shoe mean that lay on the floor,  
The book and the toy, and the faces so bright ?  
And what made the husband as still as a mouse ?  
I am sure, *very* sure, there's a babe in that house.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

From "How Salvator Won,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.

## WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER

*(By a Displaced Three-year-old)*

**M**OZZER bought a baby,  
'Ittle bitsey sing ;  
Sinks I mos' could put him  
Frou my yubber ying.

Ain't he awful ugly?  
Ain't he awful pink?  
"Just come down from heaven"—  
Yat's a fib, I sink.

Doctor tol' anozzer  
Great big awful lie;  
Nose ain't out o' joint, zen,  
Yat ain't why I cry.  
Mamma stays up in bedroom—  
Guess he makes her sick.  
Frow him in the gutter,  
Beat him wiz a stick.

Cuddle him and love him!  
Call him "Blessed sing"!  
Don't care if my kite aint  
Got a bit of string!  
Send me off with Bridget  
Every single day,—  
"Be a good boy, Charley,  
Run away and play."

Said "I ought to love him"!  
No, I won't! no zur!  
Nassy cryin' baby,  
Not got any hair.  
Got all my nice kisses,  
Got my place in bed,—  
Mean to take my drumsticks  
And beat him on the head.

*Charles Follen Adams.*

## THE BALLAD OF BABY BUNTING

THE Knight is away in the merry greenwood,  
Where he hunts the wild rabbit and roe:  
He is fleet in the chase as the late Robin Hood—  
He is fleeter in quest of the foe.

The nurse is at home in the castle, and sings  
To the babe that she rocks at her breast:  
She is crooning of love and of manifold things,  
And is bidding the little one rest.

“Oh slumber, my darling! Oh slumber apace!  
For thy father will shortly be here;  
And the skin of some rabbit that falls in the chase  
Shall be thine for a tippet, my dear.”

*Henry S. Leigh.*

## THE BALD-HEADED TYRANT

OH! the quietest home on earth had I,  
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;  
Like a dream of pleasure the days flew by,  
And peace had folded her pinions there.  
But one day there joined in our household band  
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Oh the despot came in the dead of night,  
And no one ventured to ask him why;  
Like slaves we trembled before his might,  
Our hearts stood still when we heard him cry;  
For never a soul could his power withstand,  
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

He ordered us here, and he sent us there,—  
Though never a word could his small lips speak,—  
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare,  
And his helpless limbs so frail and weak;  
Till I cried, in a voice of stern command,  
“Go up, thou bald-head from No-man’s-land!”

But his abject slaves they turned on me;  
Like the bears in Scriptures they’d rend me there,  
The while they worshipped on bended knee  
The ruthless wretch with the missing hair;  
For he rules them all with relentless hand,  
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man’s-land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,  
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,  
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,  
And now before him I made my bow:  
“Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,  
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man’s-land?”

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,  
And a smile came over his features grim:  
“I’ll take the tyrant under my care;  
Watch what my hour-glass does for him.  
The veriest humbug that ever was planned  
Is this same bald-head from No-man’s-land!”

Old Time is doing his work full well:  
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;  
But, ah! with sorrow my heart will swell  
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.

Could I stay the touch of that shrivelled hand,  
I would keep the bald-head from No-man's-land.

For the loss of peace I have ceased to care;  
Like other vassals I've learned, forsooth,  
To love the wretch who forgot his hair  
And hurried along without a tooth;  
And he rules me too with his tiny hand,  
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land.

*Mary E. Vandyne.*

### COUNTING BABY'S TOES

DEAR little bare feet, dimpled and white,  
In your long nightgown wrapped for the night;  
Come, let me count all your queer little toes,  
Pink as the heart of a shell or a rose.

*One* is a lady that sits in the sun;  
*Two* is a baby, and *three* is a nun;  
*Four* is a lily with innocent breast;  
*Five* is a birdie asleep in its nest.

*Anonymous.*

### ROCK-A-BY LAND

HO and away for the Rock-a-by land—  
The rollicking, frolicking Rock-a-by land,  
Where the little ones go on the hush-a-by cars  
To play peek-a-boo with the silvery stars.

'Tis the airiest, fairest land that I know—  
Is this land where the dollies and sugar-plums grow;  
The dream train is ready with Love in command  
For the

Rollicking

Frolicking

Rock-a-by land.

Rock-a-by land—

Sweet Rock-a-by land!

Dancing and singing while bluebells are ringing.

Close your eyes, little one,

Soon you will stand

On the borders of far-away Rock-a-by land.

Such a queer little car for the Rock-a-by land—

The rollicking, frolicking Rock-a-by land.

The wheels are the rockers; 'tis deep and 'tis wide,

All quilted and cushioned for baby's long ride;

Then out through the shadows we dreamily go,

Past Slumberland hills and the heights of By-low—

We are off on a journey, delightful and grand

For the

Rollicking

Frolicking

Rock-a-by land.

Rock-a-by land—

Dear Rock-a-by land!

Stars are a-gleaming while baby is dreaming—

Dreaming sweet dreams

Of a fairykin band

In the far-away, beautiful Rock-a-by land.

Oh, what a trip to the Rock-a-by land—  
The rollicking, frolicking Rock-a-by land!  
There's dancing and singing and music that's sweet,  
And peek-a-boo dreams that are tiny and fleet.  
We glide past Love's river, which ripples and gleams  
Through blossoming meadows in silvery streams;  
At Sound Asleep Station we finally stand  
In the

Rollicking

Frolicking

Rock-a-by land.

Rock-a-by land—

Charming Rock-a-by land!

Fairies are winging while baby is swinging.

Nestle close, little one!

Now hand in hand

We'll wander and dream in the Rock-a-by land!

*E. A. Brininstool.*

## TIMELY BLOSSOM, INFANT FAIR

**T**IMELY blossom, infant fair,  
Fondling of a happy pair,  
Every morn and every night  
Their solicitous delight,  
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,  
Pleasing, without skill to please;  
Little gossip, blithe and hale,  
Tattling many a broken tale,  
Singing many a tuneless song,

Lavish of a heedless tongue;  
Simple maiden, void of art,  
Babbling out the very heart,  
Yet abandoned to thy will,  
Yet imagining no ill,  
Yet too innocent to blush;  
Like the linnet in the bush  
To the mother-linnet's note  
Moduling her slender throat;  
Chirping forth thy petty joys,  
Wanton in the change of toys,  
Like the linnet green, in May  
Flitting to each bloomy spray;  
Wearied then and glad of rest,  
Like the linnet in the nest:—  
This thy present happy lot,  
This, in time will be forgot:  
Other pleasures, other cares,  
Ever-busy Time prepares;  
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,  
This picture, once, resembled thee.

*Ambrose Philips.*

### THE BABY

**S**AFE sleeping on its mother's breast  
The smiling babe appears,  
Now sweetly sinking into rest;  
Now washed in sudden tears:  
Hush, hush, my little baby dear,  
There's nobody to hurt you here.



Without a mother's tender care,  
The little thing must die,  
Its chubby hands too feeble are  
One service to supply;  
And not a tittle does it know  
What kind of world 'tis come into.

The lambs sport gayly on the grass  
When scarcely born a day;  
The foal, beside its mother ass,  
Trots frolicksome away,  
No other creature, tame or wild,  
Is half so helpless as a child.

To nurse the Dolly, gayly drest,  
And stroke its flaxen hair,  
Or ring the coral at its waist,  
With silver bells so fair,  
Is all the little creature can,  
That is so soon to be a man.

Full many a summer's sun must glow  
And lighten up the skies,  
Before its tender limbs can grow  
To anything of size;  
And all the while the mother's eye  
Must every little want supply.

Then surely, when each little limb  
Shall grow to healthy size,

And youth and manhood strengthen him  
For toil and enterprise,  
His mother's kindness is a debt,  
He never, never will forget.

*Jane Taylor.*

### MOTHER AND CHILD

THE wind blew wide the casement, and within—  
It was the loveliest picture!—a sweet child  
Lay in its mother's arms, and drew its life,  
In pauses, from the fountain,—the white round  
Part shaded by loose tresses, soft and dark,  
Concealing, but still showing, the fair realm  
Of so much rapture, as green shadowing trees  
With beauty shroud the brooklet. The red lips  
Were parted, and the cheek upon the breast  
Lay close, and, like the young leaf of the flower,  
Wore the same color, rich and warm and fresh:—  
And such alone are beautiful. Its eye,  
A full blue gem, most exquisitely set,  
Looked archly on its world,—the little imp,  
As if it knew even then that such a wreath  
Were not for all; and with its playful hands  
It drew aside the robe that hid its realm,  
And peeped and laughed aloud, and so it laid  
Its head on the shrine of such pure joys,  
And, laughing, slept. And while it slept, the tears  
Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek,—  
Tears such as fall from April skies, and bring  
The sunlight after. They were tears of joy;

And the true heart of that young mother then  
Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously  
The silliest ballad-song that ever yet  
Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep  
To fold her sabbath wings above its couch.

*William Gilmore Simms.*

### THE FIRSTBORN

SO fair, so dear, so warm upon my bosom,  
And in my hands the little rosy feet.  
Sleep on, my little bird, my lamb, my blossom;  
Sleep on, sleep on, my sweet.

What is it God hath given me to cherish,  
This living, moving wonder which is mine—  
Mine only? Leave it with me or I perish,  
Dear Lord of love divine.

Dear Lord, 'tis wonderful beyond all wonder,  
This tender miracle vouchsafed to me,  
One with myself, yet just so far asunder  
That I myself may see.

Flesh of my flesh, and yet so subtly linking  
New selfs with old, all things that I have been  
With present joys beyond my former thinking  
And future things unseen.

There life began, and here it links with heaven,  
The golden chain of years scarce dipped adown  
From birth, ere once again a hold is given  
And nearer to God's Throne.

Seen, held in arms and clasped around so tightly,—  
My love, my bird, I will not let thee go.  
Yet soon the little rosy feet must lightly  
Go pattering to and fro.

Mine, Lord, all mine Thy gift and loving token.  
Mine—yes or no, unseen its soul divine?  
Mine by the chain of love with links unbroken,  
Dear Saviour, Thine and mine.

*John Arthur Goodchild.*

### BABY IS KING

**A** ROSE-CURTAINED cradle, where nestled within  
Soft cambric and flannel, lie pounds seventeen,  
Is the throne of a tyrant; that pink little thing  
Is an autocrat ruler, for baby is king.

Good, solemn grandfather dares hardly to speak  
Or walk lest the sleeper should hear his boots creak;  
Grandma is a martyr in muslins and cap,  
Which the monarch unsettles, as well as her nap.

Papa, wise and mighty, just home from "the house,"  
Grows meek on the threshold, and moves like a mouse,  
To stare at the bundle, then outward he goes,  
Like an elephant trying to walk on his toes.

Good aunties and cousins before him bow low,  
Though he rumples the ringlets, twists collars and bow;  
He bids the nurse walk with his majesty's self,  
And cries when she stops, like a merciless elf.

He swings right and left his saucy fat fist,  
And then the next moment expects to be kissed;  
He demands people's watches to batter about,  
And meets a refusal with struggle and shout.

Then failing to conquer, with passionate cry  
He quivers his lip, keeps a tear in his eye;  
And so wins the battle, the wise little thing!  
He knows, the world over, that baby is king!

*Anonymous.*

### MAMMA'S KISSES

A KISS when I wake in the morning,  
A kiss when I go to bed,  
A kiss when I burn my fingers,  
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,  
A kiss when my bath begins;  
My mamma is full of kisses,  
As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,  
A kiss when I pull her hair;  
She covered me over with kisses  
The day I fell from the stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,  
A kiss when I give her joy;  
There's nothing like mamma's kisses  
To her own little baby boy.

*Anonymous.*

## HER NAME

IN search from "A" to "Z" they passed,  
And "Marguerita" chose at last;  
But thought it sounded far more sweet  
To call the baby "Marguerite."  
When grandma saw the little pet,  
She called her "darling Margaret."  
Next Uncle Jack and Cousin Aggie  
Sent cup and spoon to "little Maggie."  
And grandpapa the right must beg  
To call the lassie "bonnie Meg";  
(From "Marguerita" down to "Meg")  
And now she's simply "little Peg."

*Anonymous.*

## "BOOH!"

ON afternoons, when baby boy has had a splendid nap,  
And sits, like any monarch on his throne, in nurse's  
lap,  
In some such wise my handkerchief I hold before my face,  
And cautiously and quietly I move about the place;  
Then, with a cry, I suddenly expose my face to view,  
And you should hear him laugh and crow when I say  
"Booh!"

Sometimes the rascal tries to make believe that he is scared,  
And really, when I first began, he stared, and stared, and  
stared;

And then his under lip came out and farther out it came,  
Till mamma and the nurse agreed it was a "cruel shame"—  
But now what does the same wee, toddling, lisping baby do  
But laugh and kick his little heels when I say "Booh!"

He laughs and kicks his little heels in rapturous glee, and  
then

In shrill, despotic treble bids me "do it all aden!"  
And I—of course I do it; for, as his progenitor,  
It is such pretty, pleasant play as this that I am for!  
And it is, oh, such fun! and I am sure that we shall rue  
The time when we are both too old to play the game of  
"Booh!"

*Eugene Field.*

From "Poems of Eugene Field,"  
Copyright, 1910, by Julia S. Field.  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

## WHY?

WHAT did the baby come for?  
That was the question trite  
The neighbors asked of each other  
That stormy winter night,  
What was the need of children?  
'Twas hard enough before  
To keep care out of the window,—  
The gray wolf from the door.

Out of the wintry barren,  
Over the sleeping town,  
Out of the cold, dark heaven  
Drifted the snow-flakes down.

Within the low, old cottage  
Flickered the candle's flame  
In the dusk of the early dawning,  
But never an answer came.

What did the baby come for ?  
A woman's heart could tell :  
At touch of the tiny fingers,  
Like to a fairy spell,  
A heart that was hard with doubting,  
A soul that was barred with sin,  
Opened a tide from God's ocean,  
The mother-love swept in.

What did the baby come for ?  
A strong man's heart had grown,  
Through poverty's constant grinding,  
As hard as the nether stone,  
Only a baby's prattle,  
And yet, O wondrous song  
That made a man's heart grow lighter,  
Made a man's hands grow strong !

Was ever a spring or summer  
That vanished on wings so fleet ?  
Ah ! 'twas a joy to labor,  
When living had grown so sweet !  
Care never came near the window,  
And poverty, gaunt and grim,  
Never stepped over the threshold,—  
There was no place for him.

*Maud Moore.*



## TWO BABY FEET

ONLY two baby feet, so pink and fair;  
So small I hold them both within my hand,  
And bending low I kiss them tenderly,  
With thoughts which none but mothers understand.  
I note each line of dainty baby grace  
Which those dear feet unconsciously possess:  
Dear dimpled feet! how long or short a way  
You have to journey, who can tell or guess?

Dear little feet, that lie yet all unstained  
By contact with a world by sin defiled,—  
My mother-heart prays God most fervently  
That He will guide those restless feet, my child.  
And bending o'er thy peaceful couch, I ask  
Unanswered questions of thy future days;  
I long to know if these dear feet will tread  
Upward or down, through rough or pleasant ways.

I cannot tell; it is not mine to know  
What God in wisdom for my child hath planned.  
And it is best, dear one, that it is so;  
For human reason might not understand.  
But He who guides the timid sparrow's flight  
When it has fluttered from its sheltered home  
Will not forget my child by day or night,  
Where'er or far those baby feet may roam.

*Mary, Felton.*

## THE NEW-COMERS

WHAT spirit is this that cometh from afar,  
Making the household tender with a cry  
That blends the mystery of earth and sky—  
The blind, mute motions of a new-lit star,  
The unlanguage'd visions of a folded rose?  
A marvel is the rose from bud to bloom,  
The star a wonder and a splendor grows;  
But this sweet babe that neither sees or knows,  
Hath wrapt in it a genius and a doom  
More visionful of beauty than all flowers,  
More glowing wondrous than all singing spheres,  
And though oft baffled by repelling powers,  
Growing and towering through the stormy hours,  
To perfect glory in God's year of years.

*William Freeland.*

## THE KING OF THE CRADLE

DRAW back the cradle curtains, Kate,  
While watch and ward you're keeping,  
Let's see the monarch in his state,  
And view him while he's sleeping.  
He smiles and clasps his tiny hand,  
With sunbeams o'er him gleaming,—  
A world of baby fairyland  
He visits while he's dreaming.

Monarch of pearly powder-puff,  
Asleep in nest so cozy,  
Shielded from breath of breezes rough  
By curtains warm and rosy:  
He slumbers soundly in his cell,  
As weak as one decrepid,  
Though King of Coral, Lord of Bell,  
And Knight of Bath that's tepid.

Ah, lucky tyrant! Happy lot!  
Fair watchers without number,  
Who sweetly sing beside his cot,  
And hush him off to slumber;  
White hands in wait to smooth so neat  
His pillow when its rumped—  
A couch of rose leaves soft and sweet,  
Not one of which is crumpled!

Will yonder dainty dimpled hand—  
Size, nothing and a quarter—  
E'er grasp a saber, lead a band  
To glory and to slaughter?  
Or, may I ask, will those blue eyes—  
In baby patois, "peepers"—  
E'er in the House of Commons rise,  
And try to catch the Speaker's.

Will that smooth brow o'er Hansard frown,  
Confused by lore statistic?  
Or will those lips e'er stir the town  
From pulpit ritualistic?

Will e'er that tiny Sybarite  
Become an author noted?  
That little brain the world delight,  
Its works by all men quoted?

Though rosy, dimpled, plump, and round  
Though fragile, soft, and tender,  
Sometimes, alas! it may be found  
The thread of life is slender!  
A little shoe, a little glove—  
Affection never waning—  
The shattered idol of our love  
Is all that is remaining!

Then does one chance, in fancy, hear,  
Small feet in childish patter,  
Tread soft as they a grave draw near,  
And voices hush their chatter;  
'Tis small and new; they pause in fear,  
Beneath the gray church tower,  
To consecrate it with a tear,  
And deck it with a flower.

Who can predict the future, Kate—  
Your fondest aspiration!  
Who knows the solemn laws of fate,  
That govern all creation?  
Who knows what lot awaits your boy—  
Of happiness or sorrow?  
Sufficient for to-day is joy,  
Leave tears, Sweet, for to-morrow!

*Joseph Ashby-Sterry.*

## NO BABY IN THE HOUSE

NO baby in the house, I know,  
    'Tis far too nice and clean.  
No toys, by careless fingers strewn,  
    Upon the floors are seen.  
No finger-marks are on the panes,  
    No scratches on the chairs;  
No wooden men set up in rows,  
    Or marshaled off in pairs;  
No little stockings to be darned,  
    All ragged at the toes;  
No pile of mending to be done,  
    Made up of baby-clothes;  
No little troubles to be soothed;  
    No little hands to fold;  
No grimy fingers to be washed;  
    No stories to be told;  
No tender kisses to be given;  
    No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse";  
No merry frolics after tea,—  
    No baby in the house!

*Clara Dolliver.*

## THE SALUTATION

THESE little limbs,  
    These eyes and hands which here I find,  
These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,  
    Where have ye been? behind  
What curtain were ye from me hid so long,  
Where was, in that abyss, my speaking tongue?

When silent I  
So many thousand, thousand years  
Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,  
How could I smiles or tears,  
Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive?  
Welcome ye treasures which I now receive.

I that so long  
Was nothing from eternity,  
Did little think such joys as ear or tongue  
To celebrate or see:  
Such sounds to hear, such hands to feel, such feet,  
Beneath the skies on such a ground to meet.

New burnisht joys!  
Which yellow gold and pearls excel!  
Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,  
In which a soul doth dwell;  
Their organized joints and azure veins  
More wealth include than all the world contains.

From dust I rise,  
And out of nothing now awake,  
Then brighter regions which salute mine eyes,  
A gift from God I take.  
The earth, the seas, the light, the day, the skies,  
The sun and stars are mine; if those I prize.

Long time before  
I in my mother's womb was born,  
A God preparing did this glorious store,  
The world for me adorn.

Into this Eden so divine and fair,  
So wide and bright, I come His son and heir.

A stranger here  
Strange things doth meet, strange glories see;  
Strange treasures lodg'd in this fair world appear,  
Strange all and new to me;  
But that they mine should be, who nothing was,  
That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

*Thomas Traherne.*

### AH-GOO!

VOT vas id mine baby vas trying to say,  
Vhen I goes to hees crib at der preak off der day?  
Und oudt vrom der planket peeps ten leedle toes,  
So pink und so shveet as der fresh plooming rose,  
Und twisting und curling dhemselves all aboutt,  
Shust like dhey vas saying, "Ve vant to get oudt!"  
Vhile dot baby looks oup mit dhose bright eyes so plue,  
Und don'd could say nodings, shust only,  
"Ah-goo!"

Vot vas id mine baby vas dinking aboutt,  
Vhen dot thumb goes so qvick in hees shveet leedle mout',  
Und he looks righdt away, like he no undershtandt  
Der reason he don'd could qvite shvallow hees handt;  
Und he digs mit dhose fingers righdt into hees eyes,  
Vhich fills hees oldt fader mit fear und surbrise;  
Und vhen mit dhose shimnasdic dricks he vas droo,  
He lay back und crow, und say nix budt  
"Ah-goo!"

Vot makes dot shmalle baby smile when he's ashleep;  
 Does he dink he vas blaying mit some von "bo-peep"?  
 Der nurse say dhose smiles vas der sign he haf colic—  
 More like dot he dhreams he vas hafing some frolic;  
 I feeds dot oldt nurse mit creen abbles some day,  
 Und dhen eef *she* smiles, I pelief vot she say;  
 Vhen dot baby got cramps he find someding to do  
 Oexcept smile, und blay, und keep oup hees  
 "Ah-goo!"

I ask me, somedimes, when I looks in dot crib,  
 "Vill der shirdt-frondt, von day, dake der blace off dot bib?  
 Vill dot plue-eyes baby dot's pooling mine hair  
 Know all vot I knows aboutt drouble und care?"  
 Dhen I dink off der vorldt, mit its bride und its sins,  
 Und I vish dot mineself und dot baby vas tvins,  
 Und all der day long I haf nodings to do  
 Budt shust laugh und crow, und keep saying,  
 "Ah-goo!"

*Charles Follen Adams.*

## TROT, TROT!

EVERY evening Baby goes  
 Trot, trot, to town,  
 Across the river, through the fields,  
 Up hill and down.

Trot, trot, the Baby goes,  
 Up hill and down,  
 To buy a feather for her hat,  
 To buy a woollen gown.



Trot, trot, the Baby goes;  
The birds fly down, alack!  
"You cannot have our feathers, dear,"  
They say, "so please trot back."

Trot, trot, the Baby goes;  
The lambs come bleating near.  
"You cannot have our wool," they say,  
"But we are sorry, dear."

Trot, trot, the Baby goes,  
Trot, trot, to town;  
She buys a red rose for her hat,  
She buys a cotton gown.

*Mary F. Butts.*

## A SLUMBER SONG

**H**USH, baby, hush!  
In the west there is glory,  
With changes of amethyst, crimson, and gold;  
The sun goes to bed like a king in a story  
Told by a poet of old.

Hush, baby, hush!  
There's a wind on the river,—  
A sleepy old wind, with a voice like a sigh;  
And he sings to the rushes that dreamily quiver  
Down where the ripples run by.

Hush, baby, hush!

Lambs are drowsily bleating  
Down in cool meadows where daisy-buds grow;  
And the echo, aweary with all day repeating,  
Has fallen asleep long ago.

Hush, baby, hush!

There are katydids calling  
"Good-night" to each other adown every breeze;  
And the sweet baby-moon has been falling and falling,  
Till now she is caught in the trees.

Hush, baby, hush!

It is time you were winging  
Your way to the land that lies—no one knows where.  
It is late, baby, late; Mother's tired with her singing;  
Soon she will follow you there.

Hush, baby, hush!

*E. O. Cooke.*

## THE SANDMAN

**T**HE rosy clouds float overhead,  
The sun is going down;  
And now the sandman's gentle tread  
Comes stealing through the town.  
"White sand, white sand," he softly cries,  
And as he shakes his hand,  
Straightway there lies on babies' eyes  
His gift of shining sand.  
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,  
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through  
the town.

From sunny beaches far away—

Yes, in another land—

He gathers up at break of day

His store of shining sand.

No tempests beat that shore remote,

No ships may sail that way;

His little boat alone may float

Within that lovely bay.

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,

As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through  
the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close

Above the happy eyes;

And every child right well he knows,—

Oh, he is very wise!

But if, as he goes through the land,

A naughty baby cries,

His other hand takes dull gray sand

To close the wakeful eyes.

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,

As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through  
the town.

So when you hear the sandman's song

Sound through the twilight sweet,

Be sure you do not keep him long

A-waiting in the street.

Lie softly down, dear little head,

Rest quiet, busy hands,

Till, by your bed his good-night said,

He strews the shining sands.

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,  
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through  
the town.

*Margaret Thomson Janvier.*

### NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

**G**OLDEN head so lowly bending,  
Little feet so white and bare,  
Dewy eyes half shut, half opened,  
Lisping out her evening prayer.

"Now I lay," repeat it, darling—  
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips  
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending  
O'er the folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,  
And the curly head bent low:  
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,  
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord,"—the sound came faintly,  
Fainter still,—"my soul to keep,"  
Then the tired head fairly nodded,  
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened  
When I clasped her to my breast,  
And the dear voice softly whispered,  
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O, the trusting, sweet confiding  
Of the child-heart! would that I  
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,  
He who hears my feeblest cry!

O, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,  
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!  
Children's myriad voices floating  
Up to heaven record it there.

If, of all that has been written,  
I could choose what might be thine,  
It should be that child's petition,  
Rising to the throne divine.

*Mrs. R. S. Howland.*

### GOING TO BED

**B**ABY darling, soft and sweet,  
Come and warm her rosy feet  
By the fire so bright;  
Wash the hands and face all clean,  
Giving kisses in between,  
Hold her close and tight.

Now we put the night-gown warm  
On the cunning little form,  
To keep it from the cold;  
Hand the brush to smooth her hair,  
Curling round her forehead fair—  
Pretty rings of gold.

Now we lay her in her bed,  
There to rest her winsome head;  
But the naughty pet  
Will not close her pretty eyes—  
Eyes as blue as summer skies—  
She's not sleepy yet.

Round my neck white arms are cast,  
Baby fingers hold me fast:  
Lips of rosy hue  
Shower their kisses fresh and sweet—  
Kisses for the angels meet—  
Soft as falling dew.

Come, my darling, now lie still,  
Mamma will sing sweet songs, until  
Baby falls asleep;  
One hand given mamma to hold—  
The other doth her cheek enfold—  
Heaven guard the pet!

*Anonymous.*

### ROCK-A-BYE BABY

**R**OCK-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green;  
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;  
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;  
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the King.  
Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,  
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

*Anonymous.*

## THE POPPY-LAND EXPRESS

THE first train leaves at six P. M.

For the land where the poppy blows,  
And Mother dear is the engineer,  
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace-car is the Mother's arms;  
The whistle, a low, sweet strain;  
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,  
And goes to sleep in the train.

At eight P. M. the next train starts  
For the poppy-land afar;  
The summons clear falls on the ear:  
"All aboard for the sleeping-car."

But what is the fare to poppy-land?  
I hope it's not too dear.  
The fare is this,—a hug and a kiss;  
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I asked of Him who the children took  
On His knee in kindness great:  
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day  
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray,  
"For to me they are very dear;  
And special ward, O gracious Lord,  
O'er the gentle engineer."

*Edgar Wade Abbott.*

## LULLABY

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.  
Mother's wag, pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy;  
When thy father first did see  
Such a boy by him and me,  
He was glad, I was woe;  
Fortune changèd made him so,  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.  
Streaming tears that never stint,  
Like pearl-drops from a flint,  
Fell by course from his eyes,  
That one another's place supplies;  
Thus he grieved in every part,  
Tears of blood fell from his heart,  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.  
The wanton smiled, father wept,  
Mother cried, baby leapt;  
More he crowed, more we cried,  
Nature could not sorrow hide:



He must go, he must kiss  
Child and mother, baby bliss,  
For he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy.  
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,  
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

*Robert Greene.*

### THE ROAD TO SLUMBER-LAND

**W**HAT is the road to slumber-land and when does the  
baby go?

The road lies straight through mother's arms when the sun  
is sinking low.

He goes by the drowsy land of nod to the music of lullaby,  
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold, under the evening  
sky.

A soft little nightgown clean and white; a face washed  
sweet and fair;

A mother brushing the tangles out of the silken, golden  
hair.

Two little tired, satiny feet, from shoe and stockings free;  
Two little palms together clasped at the mother's patient  
knee.

Some baby words that are drowsily lisped to the tender  
Shepherd's ear;

And a kiss that only a mother can place on the brow of her  
baby dear.

A little round head that nestles at last close to the mother's  
breast,  
And then the lullaby soft and low, singing the song of rest.  
And closer and closer the blue-veined lids are hiding the  
baby eyes,  
As over the road to slumber-land the dear little traveler  
hies.

For this is the way, through mother's arms, all little  
babies go  
To the beautiful city of slumber-land when the sun is  
sinking low.

*Mary Dow Brine.*

### BEDTIME

'TIS bedtime; say your hymn, and bid "Good-night;  
God bless Mamma, Papa, and dear ones all."  
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,  
Another minute, you will shut them quite.  
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,  
And tuck you up, although you are so tall!  
What will you give me, Sleepy One, and call  
My wages, if I settle you all right?

I laid her golden curls upon my arm,  
I drew her little feet within my hand,  
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,  
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm  
She nestled to me, and, by Love's command,  
Paid me my precious wages—"Baby's kiss."

*Francis Robert Erskine.*

## MY LITTLE DEAR

**M**Y little dear, so fast asleep,  
Whose arms about me cling,  
What kisses shall she have to keep,  
While she is slumbering?

Upon her golden baby-hair,  
The golden dreams I'll kiss  
Which Life spread through my morning fair,  
And I have saved, for this.

Upon her baby eyes I'll press  
The kiss Love gave to me,  
When his great joy and loveliness  
Made all things fair to see.

And on her lips, with smiles astir,  
Ah me, what prayer of old  
May now be kissed to comfort her,  
Should Love or Life grow cold.

*Dollie Radford.*

## AN OLD GAELIC CRADLE SONG

**H**USH! the waves are rolling in,  
White with foam, white with foam:  
Father toils amid the din;  
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep,  
On they come, on they come!  
Brother seeks the lazy sheep,  
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweep o'er the knowes,  
Where they roam, where they roam:  
Sister goes to seek the cows;  
But baby sleeps at home.

*Anonymous.*

### IN THE TREE-TOP

“**R**OCK-A-BY, baby, up in the tree-top!”  
Mother his blanket is spinning;  
And a light little rustle that never will stop,  
Breezes and boughs are beginning.  
Rock-a-by, baby, swinging so high!  
Rock-a-by!

“When the wind blows, then the cradle will rock.”  
Hush! now it stirs in the bushes;  
Now with a whisper, a flutter of talk,  
Baby and hammock it pushes.  
Rock-a-by, baby! shut, pretty eye!  
Rock-a-by!

“Rock with the boughs, rock-a-by, baby, dear!”  
Leaf-tongues are singing and saying;  
Mother she listens, and sister is near,  
Under the tree softly playing.  
Rock-a-by, baby! mother's close by!  
Rock-a-by!

Weave him a beautiful dream, little breeze!  
Little leaves, nestle around him!

He will remember the song of the trees,  
When age with silver has crowned him.  
Rock-a-by, baby! wake by and by!  
Rock-a-by!

*Lucy Larcom.*

By permission of and arrangement with  
Houghton Mifflin Co., authorized publishers.

## A RHYME

**B**ABE, if rhyme be none  
For that sweet small word  
Babe, the sweetest one  
Ever heard,

Right it is and meet  
Rhyme should keep not true  
Time with such a sweet  
Thing as you.

Meet it is that rhyme  
Should not gain such grace:  
What is April's prime  
To your face?

What to yours is May's  
Rosiest smile? what sound  
Like your laughter sways  
All hearts round?

None can tell in meter  
Fit for ears on earth  
What sweet star grew sweeter  
At your birth.

Wisdom doubts what may be:  
 Hope, with smile sublime,  
 Trusts: but neither, baby,  
 Knows the rhyme.

Wisdom lies down lonely;  
 Hope keeps watch from far;  
 None but one seer only  
 Sees the star.

Love alone, with yearning  
 Heart for astrolabe,  
 Takes the star's height, burning  
 O'er the babe.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

### CRADLE SONG

**W**HAT is the little one thinking about?  
 Very wonderful things, no doubt.  
 Unwritten history!  
 Unfathomed mystery!  
 Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,  
 And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,  
 As if his head were as full of kinks  
 And curious riddles as any sphinx!  
 Warped by colic, and wet by tears,  
 Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,  
 Our little nephew will lose two years;  
 And he'll never know  
 Where the summers go;—  
 He need not laugh for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?  
Who can follow the gossamer links  
By which the mannikin feels his way  
Out from the shore of the great unknown,  
Blind, and wailing, and alone,  
Into the light of day?—  
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,  
Tossing in painful agony,—  
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,  
Specked with the barks of little souls—  
Barks that were launched on the other side,  
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!  
What does he think of his mother's eyes?  
What does he think of his mother's hair?  
What of the cradle-roof that flies  
Forward and backward through the air?  
What does he think of his mother's breast—  
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,  
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—  
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?  
What does he think when her quick embrace  
Presses his hand and buries his face  
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell  
With a tenderness she can never tell,  
Though she murmur the words  
Of all the birds—  
Words she has learned to murmur well?  
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!  
I can see the shadow creep  
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,  
Over his brow, and over his lips,

Out to his little finger-tips!  
Softly sinking, down he goes!  
Down he goes! down he goes!  
See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

From "Bitter-Sweet,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

### THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT

**T**HE days are cold, the nights are long;  
The north-wind sings a doleful song;  
Then hush again upon my breast,  
All merry things are now at rest,  
Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth;  
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;  
There's nothing stirring in the house  
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse;  
Then why so busy thou?

Nay, start not at that sparkling light;  
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright  
On the window-pane bedropped with rain;  
There, little darling! sleep again,  
And wake when it is day.

*Dorothy Wordsworth.*



## THE ANGEL'S WHISPER

A BABY was sleeping;  
Its mother was weeping;  
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;  
And the tempest was swelling  
Round the fisherman's dwelling;  
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,  
The baby still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:  
"Oh, blest be that warning,  
My child, thy sleep adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping  
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!  
And say thou wouldst rather  
They'd watch o'er thy father!  
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning  
Saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see:  
And closely caressing  
Her child with a blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

*Samuel Lover.*

## SONG FOR A BABE

LITTLE babe, while burns the west,  
Warm thee, warm thee, in my breast,  
While the moon doth shine her best,  
And the dews distil not.

All the land so sad, so fair—  
Sweet its toils are, blest its care;  
Child, we may not enter there!  
Some there are that will not.

Fain would I thy margins know,  
Land of work and land of snow;  
Land of life, whose rivers flow  
On and on, and stay not.

Fain would I thy small limbs fold,  
While the weary hours are told,  
Little babe in cradle cold.  
Some there are that may not.

*Jean Ingelow.*

## CRADLE SONG

SLEEP, baby, sleep!  
Thy father's watching the sheep!  
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree,  
And down drops a little dream for thee.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
The large stars are the sheep,  
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,  
The bright moon is the shepherdess.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
And cry not like a sheep,  
Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine,  
And bite this naughty child of mine.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy Saviour loves His sheep;  
He is the Lamb of God on high  
Who for our sakes came down to die.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Away to tend the sheep,  
Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,  
And do not harm my sleeping child!  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

*Translated by Elizabeth Prentiss.*

## WILLIE WINKIE

WEE Willie Winkie  
Runs through the town,  
Up-stairs and down-stairs  
In his night-gown,

Tapping at the window,  
Crying at the lock,  
"Are the weans in their bed,  
For it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey! Willie Winkie,  
Are you coming then?  
The cat's singing purrie  
To the sleeping hen;  
The dog is lying on the floor  
And does not even peep;  
But here's a wakeful laddie  
That will not fall asleep."

Anything but sleep, you rogue!  
Glowering like the moon;  
Rattling in an iron jug  
With an iron spoon;  
Rumbling, tumbling all about,  
Crowing like a cock,  
Screaming like I don't know what,  
Waking sleeping folk.

"Hey! Willie Winkie,  
Can't you keep him still?  
Wriggling off a body's knee  
Like a very eel;  
Pulling at the cat's ear,  
As she drowsy hums;—  
Heigh, Willie Winkie  
See!—there he comes!"

Wearied is the mother  
That has a restless wean,  
A wee, stumpy bairnie,  
Heard whene'er he's seen—  
That has a battle aye with sleep  
Before he'll close an e'e;  
But a kiss from off his rosy lips  
Gives strength anew to me.

*William Miller.*

### SLEEP, SLEEP, MINE HOLY ONE

**A**ND art thou come for saving, baby-browed  
And speechless Being? Art thou come for saving?  
The palm that grows beside our door is bowed  
By treadings of the low wind from the south,  
A restless shadow through the chamber waving.  
Upon its bough a bird sings in the sun.  
But thou, with that close slumber on thy mouth,  
Doth seem of wind and sun already weary.  
Art come for saving, O my weary one?

Perchance this sleep that shutteth out the dreary  
Earth-sounds and motions, opens on thy soul

High dreams on fire with God;  
High songs that make the pathway where they roll  
More bright than stars do theirs; and visions new  
Of thine eternal nature's old abode.

Suffer this mother's kiss,  
Best thing that earthly is,

To glide the music and the glory through,  
Nor narrow in thy dream the broad uplifting  
Of any seraphs wing.  
Thus, noiseless, thus.—Sleep, sleep, my dreaming One!

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

### SWEET AND LOW

**S**WEET and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west  
Under the silver moon;  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

From "The Princess."

## WEARINESS

O LITTLE feet! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;  
I, nearer to the wayside inn  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,  
Have still to serve or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask;  
I, who so much with book or pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
Am weary, thinking of your task!

O little hearts! that throb and beat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires;  
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,  
With passions into ashes turned,  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source divine;  
Refracted through the mist of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## FATHER IS COMING

THE clock is on the stroke of six,  
The father's work is done;  
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,  
And put the kettle on!  
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,  
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace;  
He's stronger than the storm;  
He does not feel the cold, not he,  
His heart it is too warm:  
For father's heart is stout and true  
As ever human bosom knew.

. . . . .

I know he's coming, by this sign,  
The baby's almost wild;  
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares,—  
Heaven bless the merry child!  
He's father self in face and limb,  
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now—  
He's through the garden gate;  
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,  
And do not let him wait!  
Shout, baby, shout, and clasp thy hands!  
For father on the threshold stands.

*Mary Howitt.*



## THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree  
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood;  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"  
And I told of the good All-father  
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
And thought of the leaden sky  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
"The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

*James Russell Lowell.*

## HOLY INNOCENTS

**S**LEEP, little Baby, sleep;  
The holy Angels love thee,  
And guard thy bed, and keep  
A blessed watch above thee.  
No spirit can come near  
Nor evil beast to harm thee:  
Sleep, Sweet, devoid of fear  
Where nothing need alarm thee.

The Love which doth not sleep,  
The eternal Arms surround thee :  
The Shepherd of the sheep  
In perfect love hath found thee.  
Sleep through the holy night,  
Christ-kept from snare and sorrow,  
Until thou wake to light  
And love and warmth to-morrow.

*Christina Rossetti.*

## LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

**O** HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,  
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;  
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,  
They are all belonging, dear babie, to thee.

*O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo.*

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,  
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;  
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,  
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

*O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo.*

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,  
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;  
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,  
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

*O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo.*

*Sir Walter Scott.*

## A CRADLE HYMN

**H**USH! my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed!  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,  
House and home, thy friends provide;  
All without thy care or payment:  
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven He descended  
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
When His birthplace was a stable  
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessèd babe! what glorious features—  
Spotless fair, divinely bright!  
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?  
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger  
Cursèd sinners could afford  
To receive the heavenly stranger?  
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child: I did not chide thee,  
Though my song might sound too hard;

'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,  
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story  
How the Jews abused their King,  
How they served the Lord of Glory,  
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,  
Telling wonders from the sky!  
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,  
With His Virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;  
Lovely infant, how He smiled!  
When He wept, the mother's blessing  
Soothed and hushed the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,  
Where the hornèd oxen fed;  
Peace, my darling; here's no danger,  
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
Save my dear from burning flame,  
Bitter groans and endless crying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,  
Trust and love Him all thy days;  
Then go dwell forever near Him,  
See His face, and sing His praise!

*Isaac Watts.*

## MOTHER SONG

**M**Y heart is like a fountain true  
That flows and flows with love to you.  
As chirps the lark unto the tree  
So chirps my pretty babe to me.  
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

There's not a rose where're I seek,  
As comely as my baby's cheek.  
There's not a comb of honey-bee,  
So full of sweets as babe to me.  
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

There's not a star that shines on high,  
Is brighter than my baby's eye.  
There's not a boat upon the sea,  
Can dance as baby does to me.  
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

No silk was ever spun so fine  
As is the hair of baby mine.  
My baby smells more sweet to me  
Than smells in spring the elder tree.  
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

A little fish swims in the well,  
So in my heart does baby dwell.  
A little flower blows on the tree,  
My baby is the flower to me.  
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

The Queen has sceptre, crown and ball,  
You are my sceptre, crown and all.  
For all her robes of royal silk,  
More fair your skin, as white as milk.  
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

Ten thousand parks where deer do run,  
Ten thousand roses in the sun,  
Ten thousand pearls beneath the sea,  
My babe more precious is to me.  
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

*Anonymous.*

### CRADLE SONG

**S**LEEP, sleep, beauty bright,  
Dreaming in the joys of night;  
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel  
Smiles as of the morning steal  
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast  
Where thy little heart doth rest.

O the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep!  
When thy little heart doth wake  
Then the dreadful night shall break.

*William Blake.*

## SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

SLEEP, baby, sleep! what ails my dear,  
What ails my darling thus to cry?  
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,  
To hear me sing thy lullaby.  
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;  
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

. . . . .

While thus thy lullaby I sing,  
For thee great blessings ripening be;  
Thine Eldest Brother is a king,  
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;  
For whosoever thee offends  
By thy protector threatened are,  
And God and angels are thy friends.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,  
In little babes He took delight;  
Such innocents as thou, my dear,  
Are ever precious in His sight.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.



A little infant once was He;  
And strength in weakness then was laid  
Upon His Virgin Mother's knee,  
That power to thee might be conveyed.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need  
He friends and helpers doth prepare,  
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,  
For of thy weal they tender are.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of Kings when He was born,  
Had not so much for outward ease;  
By Him such dressings were not worn,  
Nor such like swaddling-clothes as these.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,  
Where oxen lay and asses fed:  
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,  
An easy cradle for a bed.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain  
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee,  
And by His torments and His pain  
Thy rest and ease securèd be.

My baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this  
A promise and an earnest got  
Of gaining everlasting bliss,  
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

*George Wither.*

### MY LITTLE GIRL

**M**Y little girl is nested  
Within her tiny bed,  
With amber ringlets crested  
Around her dainty head.  
She lies so calm and stilly,  
She breathes so soft and low,  
She calls to mind a lily  
Half-hidden in the snow.

A weary little mortal  
Has gone to slumber land;  
The pixies at the portal  
Have caught her by the hand.  
She dreams her broken dolly  
Will soon be mended there,  
That looks so melancholy  
Upon the rocking-chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses,  
My drowsy little queen,  
I know you have caresses  
From floating forms unseen.  
O angels, let me keep her  
To kiss away my cares,  
This darling little sleeper,  
Who has my love and prayers.

*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

Permission of the author.

### GOOD-NIGHT

**L**ITTLE baby, lay your head  
On your pretty cradle-bed;  
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day  
And the light are gone away;  
All the clothes are tucked in tight;  
Little baby dear, good-night.

Yes, my darling, well I know  
How the bitter wind doth blow;  
And the winter's snow and rain  
Patter on the window-pane:  
But they cannot come in here,  
To my little baby dear;

For the window shutteth fast,  
Till the stormy night is past;

And the curtains warm are spread  
Round about her cradle-bed:  
So till morning shineth bright,  
Little baby dear, good-night.

*Jane Taylor.*

### JENNY WI' THE AIRN TEETH

**W**HAT a plague is this o' mine,  
Winna steek an e'e;  
Though I hap him o'er the heid,  
As cozy as can be.  
Sleep an' let me to my wark—  
A' thae claes to airn—  
Jenny wi' the airn teeth,  
Come an' tak' the bairn!

Tak' him to your ain den,  
Whaur the bogie bides,  
But first put baith your big teeth  
In his wee plump sides;  
Gie your auld gray pow a shake,  
Rive him frae my grup,  
Tak' him whaur nae kiss is gaun  
When he waukens up.

Whatna noise is that I hear  
Coomin' doon the street?  
Well I ken the dump, dump,  
O' her beetle feet;

Mercy me! she's at the door!  
Hear her lift the sneck;  
Wheesht, an' cuddle mammy noo,  
Closer roun' the neck.

Jenny wi' the airn teeth,  
The bairn has aff his claes;  
Sleepin' safe an' soun', I think—  
Dinna touch his taes.  
Sleepin' bairns are no for you,  
Ye may turn aboot,  
An' tak' awa' wee Tam next door—  
I hear him screichin' oot.

Dump, dump, awa' she gangs  
Back the road she cam',  
I hear her at the ither door,  
Speirin' after Tam;  
He's a crabbit, greetin' thing—  
The warst in a' the toon,  
Little like my ain wee wean—  
Losh, he's sleepin' soun'!

Mithers hae an awfu' wark  
Wi' their bairns at nicht,  
Chappin' on the chair wi' tangs,  
To gie the rogues a fricht;  
Aulder bairns are fleyed wi' less,  
Weel eneuch we ken,  
Bigger bogies, bigger Jennies,  
Frichten muckle men.

*Alexander Anderson.*

## BABY MINE

BABY mine, with the grave, grave face,  
Where did you get that royal calm,  
Too staid for joy, too still for grace?  
I bend as I kiss your pink, soft palm.  
Are you the first of a nobler race,  
Baby mine?

You come from the region of long ago,  
And gazing a while where the seraphs dwell  
Has given your face a glory and glow.  
Of that brighter land have you aught to tell?  
I seem to have known it; I more would know  
Baby mine.

Your calm, blue eyes have a far-off reach.  
Look at me now with those wondrous eyes;  
Why are we doomed to the gift of speech  
While you are silent and sweet and wise?  
You have much to learn; you have more to teach,  
Baby mine.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson.*

## PHILIP, MY KING

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,  
Philip, my king!  
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies  
Of babyhood's royal dignities.

Lay on my neck thy tiny hand  
 With love's invisible scepter laden;  
 I am thine Esther to command  
 Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,  
 Philip, my king.

O the day when thou goest a-wooing,  
 Philip, my king!  
 When those beautiful lips are suing,  
 And some gentle heart's bars undoing,  
 Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there  
 Sittest love-glorified. Rule kindly,  
 Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,  
 For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,  
 Philip, my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth,—up to thy brow,  
 Philip, my king!  
 The spirit that there lies sleeping now  
 May rise like a giant and make men bow  
 As one heaven-chosen among his peers.  
 My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer,  
 Let me behold thee in future years!—  
 Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,  
 Philip, my king.

—A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,  
 Philip, my king!  
 Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way  
 Thorny and cruel and cold and gray:  
 Rebels within thee, and foes without,

Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,  
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,  
As thou sittest at the feet of God victorious,  
"Philip, the king!"

*Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.*

### THE MORNING-GLORY

WE wreathed about our darling's head  
The morning-glory bright;  
Her little face looked out beneath,  
So full of life and light,  
So lit as with a sunrise,  
That we could only say,  
"She is the morning-glory true,  
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time  
We called her by their name,  
And very fitting did it seem—  
For, sure as morning came,  
Behind her cradle bars she smiled  
To catch the first faint ray,  
As from the trellis smiles the flower  
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear  
Their airy cups of blue,  
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,  
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;



And not so close their tendrils fine  
Round their supports are thrown,  
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea  
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,  
Even as comes the flower,  
The last and perfect added gift  
To crown Love's morning hour;  
And how in her was imaged forth  
The love we could not say,  
As on the little dewdrops round  
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,  
That she must wither up,  
Almost before a day was flown,  
Like the morning-glory's cup;  
We never thought to see her droop  
Her fair and noble head,  
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,  
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming  
Will soon be coming round—  
We see the rows of heart-shaped leaves  
Upspringing from the ground;  
The tender things the winter killed  
Renew again their birth,  
But the glory of our morning  
Has passed away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes  
Stretch over thy green plain!  
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air  
Her spirit to sustain;  
But up in groves of Paradise  
Full surely we shall see  
Our morning-glory beautiful  
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

*Maria White Lowell.*

## CRADLE SONGS

### I

**B**ABY, baby bright,  
Sleep can steal from sight  
Little of your light:

Soft as fire in dew  
Still the life in you  
Lights your slumber through.

From white eyelids keep  
Fast the seal of sleep  
Deep as love is deep:

Yet though closed it lies  
Love behind them spies  
Heaven in two blue eyes.

## II

Baby, baby dear,  
Earth and heaven are near  
Now, for heaven is here  
Heaven is every place  
Where your flower-sweet face  
Fills our eyes with grace.  
Till your own eyes deign  
Earth a glance again,  
Earth and heaven are twain.  
Now your sleep is done,  
Shine and show the sun  
Earth and heaven are one.

## III

Baby, baby sweet,  
Love's own lips are meet  
Scarce to kiss your feet.  
Hardly love's own ear,  
When your laugh crows clear,  
Quite deserves to hear.  
Hardly love's own wile,  
Though it please awhile,  
Quite deserves your smile.  
Baby full of grace,  
Bless us yet a space:  
Sleep will come apace.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

## SLEEP, SLEEP!

**B**ABY, what do the blossoms say  
Down in the garden walk?  
They nod and they bow in the twilight gray;  
Pray, can you hear them talk?  
They say, "O darling baby bright,  
We are going to sleep; good-night, good-night!  
For the lullaby breezes have come to sing  
How God takes care of everything."  
Sleep, sleep!

Baby, what does the robin say?  
Do you hear his evening song?  
He sits and sings his sunset lay  
With a heart all blithe and strong.  
He sings, "Good-night, my baby, dear:  
Sleep soft, sleep well, and do not fear,  
For somehow I know, as I sit and sing,  
That God takes care of everything."  
Sleep, sleep!

Baby, what does the cricket say?  
Do you hear his measured voice?  
He says, "The sun has gone away,  
And I've come out to rejoice;  
For the cold dew falls upon the grass,  
And the fireflies whisper as they pass,  
'Cricket, cricket, come out and sing  
How God takes care of everything.'"  
Sleep, sleep!

Baby, what does the katydid say?  
Do you hear its hoarse loud tone?  
It says, "I sleep the livelong day  
In my nook so clean and lone:  
But now the stars no more are hid,  
And I'm telling them what my Katy did—  
Katy, my daughter, who loved to sing  
How God takes care of everything."  
Sleep, sleep!

Baby, what are your mother's words,  
As you nestle upon her breast?  
She says, "Come hither, my sweetest of birds,  
For you must seek your nest.  
The flowers and the robins have gone to sleep;  
The crickets their watch with the katydids keep;  
And your mother will sit by your cradle, and sing  
That God takes care of everything.  
Sleep, sleep!"

*Mrs. H. E. Henshaw.*

## A LULLABY

**S**ICH a li'l feller, en he settin' up so wise!  
Say he like his daddy, but he got his mammy's eyes;  
Angel tuck en drap him fum a winder in de skies—  
By-bye, honey, twell de mawnin'.

Sich a li'l feller, in de cunnin'es' er cloze!  
Say he love his daddy, but his mammy's what he knows!  
Foun' him in de springtime, en dey tuck him fer a rose—  
By-bye, honey, twell de mawnin'.

Sich a li'l feller, en he talkin' like a man!  
By-bye, by-bye, kiss yo' li'l han';  
Lots er li'l chillum in de sleepy lan'—  
By-bye, honey, twell de mawnin'.

*Frank L. Stanton.*

Printed in and permission from  
"The Atlanta Constitution."

### BABY REIGNS SUPREME

SEATED I see the two again,  
But not alone, they entertain  
A little angel unaware,  
With face as round as is the moon.  
A royal guest with flaxen hair,  
Who, throned before his lofty chair,  
Drums on the table with his spoon,  
Then drops it careless on the floor,  
To grasp at things unseen before.  
Are these celestial manners? These  
The ways that win, the arts that please?  
Ah, yes; consider well the guest,  
And whatsoe'er he does seems best.  
He ruleth by a right divine  
Of helplessness, so lately born  
In purple chambers of the morn,  
As sovereign over thee and thine.  
He speaketh not, and yet there lies  
A conversation in his eyes;  
The golden silence of the Greek,  
The gravest wisdom of the wise,  
Not spoken in language, but in looks,

More legible than printed books.  
As if he could but would not speak.  
And now, oh monarch absolute!  
Thy power is put to proof; for lo!  
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,  
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,  
And pushes back thy chair, and thee,—  
And so good-night to King Canute.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

From "The Hanging of the Crane."

## MOTHER TO BABE

FLECK of sky you are,  
Dropped through branches dark,  
O my little one, mine!  
Promise of the star  
Outpour of the lark;  
Beam and song divine.

See this precious gift,  
Steeping in new birth  
All my being, for sign  
Earth to Heaven can lift,  
Heaven descend on earth,  
Both in one be mine!

Life in light you glass  
When you peep and coo,  
You, my little one, mine!  
Brooklet chirps to grass,  
Daisy looks in dew  
Up to dear sunshine.

*George Meredith.*

## A SONG OF TWILIGHT

OH, to come home once more, when the dusk is falling,  
To see the nursery lighted and the children's table  
spread;

"Mother, mother, mother!" the eager voices calling,  
"The baby was so sleepy that he had to go to bed!"

Oh, to come home once more, and see the smiling faces,  
Dark head, bright head, clustered at the pane;  
Much the years have taken, when the heart its path retraces,  
But until time is not for me, the image will remain.

Men and women now they are, standing straight and steady,  
Grave heart, gay heart, fit for life's emprise;  
Shoulder set to shoulder, how should they be but ready!  
The future shines before them with the light of their  
own eyes.

Still each answers to my call; no good has been denied me,  
My burdens have been fitted to the little strength that's  
mine,  
Beauty, pride and peace have walked by day beside me,  
The evening closes gently in, and how can I repine?

But oh, to see once more, when the early dusk is falling;  
The nursery windows glowing and the children's table  
spread;  
"Mother, mother, mother!" the high child-voices calling,  
"He couldn't stay awake for you, he had to go to bed!"

*Anonymous.*



## MY BIRD

*(Lines written at Burmah in joy for a first-born)*

ERE last year's morn had left the sky,  
A birdling sought my Indian nest;  
And folded, oh, so lovingly,  
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,  
In winsome helplessness she lies;  
Two rosy leaves with a silken fringe,  
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;  
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;  
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,  
Whose waters never more shall rest.

This beautiful, mysterious thing,  
This seeming visitant from heaven,  
This bird with the immortal wing,  
To me, to me, thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,  
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;—  
This life which I have dared invoke,  
Henceforth, is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room,  
I tremble with delicious fear;  
The future, with its light and gloom,  
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise,  
Hear, O my God, one earnest prayer:  
Room for my bird in Paradise,  
And give her angel-plumage there.

*Emily C. Judson.*

### THE NURSERY ELF

**D**EAR little feet, how you wander and wander,  
Little twin truants so fleet!  
Dear little head, how you ponder and ponder  
Over the things that you meet!

Dear little tongue, how you chatter and chatter  
Over your innocent joys!  
Oh, but the house is alive with your clatter,  
Shaking, indeed, with your noise!

Can't you be quiet a moment, sweet rover?  
Is there no end to your fun?  
Soon the "old sand man" will sprinkle you over,  
Then the day's frolic is done.

Come to my arms, for the daylight is dying,  
Closer the dark shadows creep;  
Come, like a bird that is weary of flying;  
Come, let me sing you to sleep.

*Josephine Pollard.*

## SHE CAME AND WENT

AS a twig trembles, which a bird  
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,  
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—  
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,  
The blue dome's measureless content,  
So my soul held that moment's heaven;—  
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps  
The orchards full of bloom and scent,  
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—  
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,  
Through the low doorway of my tent;  
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—  
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,  
And life's last oil is nearly spent,  
One gush of light these eyes will brim,  
Only to think she came and went.

*James Russell Lowell.*

## BABY AND I

BABY and I in the twilight sweet,  
Hearing the weary birds repeat  
Cheery good-nights from tree to tree,  
Dearest of all day's comfort see;

For weary, too,

With kiss and coo,

He gives up all his world—for me.

Baby and I in the twilight glow,  
Watching the branches to and fro  
Waving good-nights to the golden west,  
Welcome the hour we love the best.

We rock and sing

Till sleep we bring,

Who folds him in her downy nest.

Lingering still in the twilight gray,  
After the radiance fades away,  
I watch My Darling so still, so fair,  
With thankful heart that to my care—

For happiness,

No words express—

Awhile God trusts a gift so dear.

As in his little bed I place  
My Babe in all his slumbering grace,  
Heaven's starry lamps are lit on high,—  
One, angel-borne, now flashes by,—

And by their light,

Through all the night,

Celestial watchers will be nigh.

*Anna E. Pickens.*

## A LULLABY

SLEEP, my dear one, sleep:  
What though men laugh, what though men weep?  
What though the wind and rain  
Murmur their rapture or their pain?  
Love watches over thee  
Like the still moon above the sea.

Sleep, my dear one, sleep:  
What though men toil, what though they reap?  
What though the devious days  
Lead radiant lives in darkened ways?  
Sorrow is not for thee,  
Soul of my soul and heart of me.

Sleep, my dear one, sleep:  
Time in its tenderness shall keep  
Thy sweetly budding soul  
In its divinely wise control;  
Hope sings its song for thee,  
Hope that is now and yet to be.

Sleep, my dear one, sleep:  
The hours move fast, they rush, they leap;  
Red sunrise, then the noon—  
A life is lived and lost so soon!  
May fate be kind to thee,  
Soul of my soul and heart of me.

*George Edgar Montgomery.*

## MY LOST BABY

COMES little Maud and stands by my knee,  
Her soft eyes filled with a troubled joy;  
And her wondering heart is perplexed to see  
Her babyhood lost in our baby boy.

For Maud was a babe but a week ago,—  
A gentle, lovable, clinging thing;  
Now we are saddened but pleased to know  
The queen is dethroned and there reigns a king,—

A tiny king, with a cheek like down;  
With dark, indefinite-colored eyes;  
With hair of the softest satiny brown;  
Who doubles his fists and hiccoughs and cries;

Who groans, grimaces, and paws the air,  
And twists his mouth in a meaningless smile;  
Who fixes his eyes in a winkless stare,  
And seems in the deepest thought the while;

A wee small king with a comical face,  
Whom one moment we laugh at, the next caress;  
A little monarch who holds his place  
By the wondrous might of his helplessness.

Come hither, my Maud, with your wistful eyes;  
Come hither, I'll lay the small tyrant down;  
I'll gather you up in a glad surprise,  
And press to my bosom your head of brown.

Nestle down close to your mother's breast,  
Poor little babe of a week gone by;  
Find for a moment a haven of rest,—  
Clasping my neck with a satisfied sigh.

Alas! I have lost her, she is no more  
The baby girl that I loved to press  
Close to my heart; she's a woman before  
This animate atom of helplessness.

My heart is sad for my girl to-day;  
In a moment babyhood's privileged years  
Have passed from her life forever away,—  
We see them vanish through misty tears.

Farewell, sweet babe of a week ago!  
Thou hast reached the land of the nevermore,  
And Maud's little feet are standing on  
The perilous heights of childhood's shore.

*Anonymous.*

### DREAM BABY

**L**ITTLE darling, come out of the shadow,  
My heart's yearning for you to-night;  
You stand by the wall like an elfin,  
Half-wishing, afraid of the light.  
I've turned it quite low, so don't linger;  
Come, give me just one sweet caress;  
It will fill empty years to o'erflowing  
Just to touch the frail lace of your dress.

There, one little foot's pointed toward me;  
Now take a step and come near;  
You have reached the edge of the rug now,—  
How quickly your feet toddle here!  
Don't shrink from my hand, little darling,  
It's waited to touch yours so long;  
I've felt you in soft summer breezes;  
I've heard your faint voice in each song.

Now, see, there is no one to hurt you;  
So into my lap softly creep;  
So lightly and gently I'll hold you,  
Like a rose-petal fast asleep.  
Now drop your dear head on my bosom,  
And let it rest quietly there.  
I'll press my face down in your tresses,  
Smooth my wrinkles out in your hair.

What! leaving me all so quickly—  
Already you must slip away?  
You hear children far away calling,  
And you want to run on to your play?  
Can't you always be mine and stay with me?  
Your head shakes a positive no?  
Why, even now you have vanished!  
Out into the nowhere you go!

*Joseph Morris.*



## ROCKING THE BABY

**I** HEAR her rocking the baby—  
Her room is next to mine—  
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms  
That round her neck entwine,  
As she rocks and rocks the baby,  
In the room just next to mine.

I hear her rocking the baby  
Each day when the twilight comes,  
And I know there's a world of blessing and love  
In the "baby-by" she hums.

I can see the restless fingers  
Playing with "mamma's rings,"  
The sweet little smiling, pouting mouth  
That to hers in kissing clings,  
As she rocks and sings to the baby  
And dreams as she rocks and sings.

I hear her rocking the baby,  
Slower and slower now,  
And I hear she is leaving her good-night kiss  
On its eyes, and cheek, and brow.

From her rocking, rocking, rocking,  
I wonder would she start  
Could she know, through the wall between us,  
She is rocking on a heart?

While my empty arms are aching  
For a form they may not press,—  
And my empty heart is breaking  
In its desolate loneliness.

I list to the rocking, rocking,  
In the room just next to mine,  
And breathe a prayer in silence,  
At a mother's broken shrine,  
For the woman who rocks the baby  
In the room just next to mine.

*Madge Morris.*

### TUCKING BABY IN

**T**HE dark-fringed eyelids slowly close  
On eyes serene and deep;  
Upon my breast my own sweet child  
Has gently dropped to sleep;  
I kiss his soft and dimpled cheek,  
I kiss his rounded chin,  
Then lay him on his little bed,  
And tuck my baby in.

How fair and innocent he lies;  
Like some small angel strayed,  
His face still warmed by God's own smile,  
That slumbers unafraid;  
Or like some new embodied soul,  
Still pure from taint of sin—  
My thoughts are reverent as I stoop  
To tuck my baby in.

What toil must stain these tiny hands  
That now lie still and white?  
What shadows creep across the face  
That shines with morning light?  
These wee pink shoeless feet—how far  
Shall go their lengthening tread,  
When they no longer cuddled close  
May rest upon this bed?

O what am I that I should train  
An angel for the skies;  
Or mix the potent draught that feeds  
The soul within these eyes?  
I reach him to the sinless Hands  
Before his cares begin,—  
Great Father, with Thy folds of love,  
O tuck my baby in.

*Curtis May.*

## A LULLABY

UPON my lap my sovereign sits  
And sucks upon my breast;  
Meanwhile his love sustains my life  
And gives my body rest.  
Sing lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

When thou hast taken thy repast,  
Repose, my babe, on me;

So may thy mother and thy nurse  
Thy cradle also be.

Sing lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

I grieve that duty doth not work  
All that my wishing would,  
Because I would not be to thee  
But in the best I should.

Sing lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

Yet as I am, and as I may,  
I must and will be thine,  
Though all too little for thy self  
Vouchsafing to mine.

Sing lullaby, my little boy,  
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

*Richard Rowlands.*

### LULLABY

**B**ALOO, loo, lammy, now baloo, my dear,  
Does wee lammy ken that its daddy's no here?  
Ye're rocking full sweetly on mammy's warm knee,  
But daddy's a-rocking upon the salt sea.

Now hushaby, lammy, now hushaby, dear;  
Now hushaby, lammy, for mother is near.  
The wild wind is raving, and mammy's heart's sair;  
The wild wind is raving, and ye dinna care.

Sing baloo, loo, lammy, sing baloo, my dear;  
Sing baloo, loo, lammy, for mother is here.  
My wee bairnie's dozing, it's dozing now fine,  
And O may its wakening be blither than mine!

*Carolina Nairne.*

## KENTUCKY BABE

**S**KEETERS am a hummin' on de honeysuckle vine,—  
*Sleep, Kentucky Babe!*

Sandman am a comin' to dis little coon of mine,—  
*Sleep, Kentucky Babe!*

Silv'ry moon am shinin' in de heabens up above,  
Bobolink am pinin' fo' his little lady love:  
*Yo' is mighty lucky,  
Babe of old Kentucky,—  
Close yo' eyes in sleep.*

*Fly away,*  
Fly away, Kentucky Babe, fly away to rest,  
*Fly away,*  
Lay yo' kinky, woolly head on yo' mammy's breast,—  
*Um—Um—,*  
Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Daddy's in de cane-brake wid his little dog and gun,—  
*Sleep, Kentucky Babe!*  
'Possum fo' yo' breakfast when yo' sleepin' time is done,—  
*Sleep, Kentucky Babe!*

Bogie man'll catch yo' unless yo' close yo' eyes,  
 Waitin' jes outside de doo' to take yo' by surprise :

*Bes' be keepin' shady,  
 Little colored lady,—  
 Close yo' eyes in sleep.*

*Richard Henry Buck.*

### LULLABY, O LULLABY

**L**ULLABY! O lullaby!  
 Baby, hush that little cry!  
 Light is dying,  
 Bats are flying,  
 Bees to-day with work have done;  
 So, till comes the morrow's sun,  
 Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry!  
 Lullaby! O lullaby!

Lullaby! O lullaby!  
 Hushed are all things far and nigh;  
 Flowers are closing,  
 Birds reposing,  
 All sweet things with life are done.  
 Sweet, till dawns the morning sun,  
 Sleep, then kiss those blue eyes dry.  
 Lullaby! O lullaby!

*William Cox Bennett.*

### AN IRISH LULLABY

**I**'VE found my bonny babe a nest  
 On Slumber Tree,  
 I'll rock you there to rosy rest,  
 Astore Machree!

Oh, lulla lo! sing all the leaves  
On Slumber Tree,  
Till everything that hurts or grieves  
Afar must flee.

I've put my pretty child to float  
Away from me,  
Within the new moon's silver boat  
On Slumber Sea.  
And when your starry sail is o'er  
From Slumber Sea,  
My precious one, you'll step to shore  
On Mother's knee.

*Alfred Perceval Graves.*

## MOTHER-SONG

WHITE little hands!  
Pink little feet!  
Dimpled all over,  
Sweet, sweet, sweet!  
What dost thou wail for?  
The unknown? the unseen?  
The ills that are coming,  
The joys that have been?  
  
Cling to me closer,  
Closer and closer,  
Till the pain that is purer  
Hath banished the grosser.

Drain, drain at the stream, love,  
Thy hunger is freeing,  
That was born in a dream, love,  
Along with thy being!

Little fingers that feel  
For their home on my breast,  
Little lips that appeal  
For their nurture, their rest!  
Why, why dost thou weep, dear?  
Nay, stifle thy cries,  
Till the dew of thy sleep, dear,  
Lies soft on thine eyes.

*Alfred Austin.*

From "Prince Lucifer."

### A BABY SONG

COME, white angels, to baby and me;  
Touch his blue eyes with the image of sleep,  
In his surprise he will cease to weep;  
Hush, child, the angels are coming to thee.

Come, white doves, to baby and me;  
Softly whirr in the silent air,  
Flutter about his golden hair;  
Hark, child, the doves are cooing to thee.

Come, white lilies, to baby and me;  
Drowsily nod before his eyes,  
So full of wonder, so round and wise;  
Hist, child, the lily-bells tinkle for thee.



Come, white moon, to baby and me;  
Gently glide o'er the ocean of sleep,  
Silver the waves of its shadowy deep;  
Sleep, child, and the whitest of dreams to thee.

*Elizabeth Stoddard.*

By permission of and arrangement with  
Houghton Mifflin Co., authorized publishers.

BYE, BABY, BYE

**B**YE, baby, night is come,  
And the sun is going home,  
Bye, baby, bye!  
All the flowers have shut their eyes,  
On the grass a shadow lies,  
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, birds are sleeping,  
One by one the stars are peeping,  
Bye, baby, bye!  
In the far-off sky they twinkle,  
While the cows come tinkle, tinkle,  
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, mother holds thee,  
Loving, tender care enfolds thee,  
Bye, baby, bye!  
Angels in thy dreams caress thee,  
Through the darkness guard and bless thee,  
Bye, baby, bye!

*Anonymous.*

## MOTHER'S SONG

**D**ON'T grow old too fast, my sweet!  
Stay a little while  
In this pleasant baby-land  
Sunned by mother's smile.

Grasp not with thy dimpled hands  
At the world outside;  
They are still too rosy soft,  
Life too cold and wide.

Be not wistful, sweet blue eyes,  
Find your rest in mine,  
Which through life shall watchful be  
To keep all tears from thine.

Be not restless, little feet,  
Lie within my hand;  
Far too round these tiny soles  
Yet to try to stand.

For awhile be mine alone,  
So helpless and so dear;  
By-and-by thou must go forth,  
But now, sweet, slumber here.

*Anonymous.*

## THE LITTLE SAILOR-MAN

**I** KNOW a little sailor-man  
His uniform's all white,  
It starts at his chin and tucks his toes in  
When he puts it on at night.

Then climbs this little sailor-man  
Aboard his waiting ship,  
And mother there starts the rocking-chair,  
And he's off on his nightly trip.

He waves his hand as he sails away  
Far out on Moonbeam Sea;  
His eyes go blink and winkety-wink,  
But never afraid is he.

Oh he's such a funny sailor-man  
You'll scarce believe what I say—  
He sees best at night with his eyes shut tight,  
So he lets them stay that way!

He fearlessly steers through Niddy-Nod Shoals,  
For his hand feels mother nigh;  
He passes the Dipper and nods to the skipper  
Who paddles the Moon through the sky.

At last he rests in Sound-Asleep Bay,  
And oh he has traveled far—  
When laid on the pillow he dreams that a billow  
Has bumped him right into a star!

And thus he lies stranded all night long  
Till the sun's first rays are shed;  
Then he looks about and tries to get out  
From the covers of his little bed!

*Joseph Morris.*

## SLUMBER SONG

A SONG for the baby, sweet little Bo-peep;  
Come, wee Willie Winkie, and sing her to sleep.

Come, toss her high up, and trot her low down;  
This is the road to Blinkie-peeptown.

Come press down her eyelids, and sing in her ear  
The wonderful songs that in dreamland we hear:

The chime of the waters, the drone of the bees,  
The tales that the blossoms are telling the breeze.

For, spite of her crowing and cooing, I see  
The baby is sleepy as sleepy can be.

Down flutter the eyelids, dear little Bo-peep,  
Now whist! Willie Winkie, she's gone fast to sleep.

*Shirley Clare.*

## MR. DREAM-MAKER

COME, Mr. Dream-Maker, sell me to-night  
The loveliest dream in your shop;  
My dear little lassie is weary of light,  
Her lids are beginning to drop.  
She's good when she's gay, but she's tired of play,  
And the tear-drops will naughtily creep;  
So, Mr. Dream-Maker, hasten, I pray,  
My little girl's going to sleep.

*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

## A SLEEPING CHILD

WHITE lids pressing down  
O'er the tired eyes,  
In sleep's sweet embrace  
My darling lies.

One little snowy hand  
Dimpling her cheek,  
Lips parted in a smile,  
As if to speak.

Wavy locks have stolen  
Gold from the sun;  
There's nothing so beautiful  
As my sleeping one.

God has pressed a kiss  
On the pure brow;  
Angels weave bright dreams  
Over her now.

*Anonymous.*

## WHEN BABY SOULS SAIL OUT

WHEN from our mortal vision  
Grown men and women go,  
To sail strange fields Elysian  
And know what spirits know,

I think of them as tourists,  
In some sun-gilded clime,  
'Mong happy sights and dear delights  
We all shall find, in time.

But when a child goes yonder  
And leaves its mother here,  
Its little feet must wander,  
It seems to me, in fear.  
What paths of Eden beauty  
What scenes of peace and rest  
Can bring content to one who went  
Forth from a mother's breast.

In palace gardens, lonely,  
A little child will roam,  
And weep for pleasures only  
Found in its humble home—  
It is not won by splendor,  
Nor bought by costly toys,  
To hide from harm on mother's arm  
Makes all its sum of joys.

It must be when the baby  
Goes journeying off alone,  
Some angel (Mary may be),  
Adopts it for her own.  
Yet when a child is taken  
Whose mother stays below  
With weeping eyes, through Paradise,  
I seem to see it go.

With troops of angels trying  
To drive away its fear,  
I seem to hear it crying  
"I want my mamma here."  
I do not court the fancy,  
It is not based on doubt,  
It is a thought that comes unsought  
When baby souls sail out.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

From "Poems of Sentiment,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.

## WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

### Dutch Lullaby

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—  
Sailed on a river of crystal light  
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"  
The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we!"

Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish  
That lived in that beautiful sea—  
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—  
Never afeard are we!”  
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,  
    Wynken,  
    Blynken,  
    And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—  
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home:  
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be;  
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea;  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:  
    Wynken,  
    Blynken,  
    And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;  
So shut your eyes while Mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea



Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:—  
    Wynken,  
    Blynken,  
    And Nod.

*Eugene Field.*

From "Poems of Eugene Field,"  
Copyright, 1910, by Julia S. Field.  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

### BABY CHARLEY

**H**E'S fast asleep. See how, O Wife,  
    Night's finger on the lip of life  
Bids whist the tongue, so prattle-rife,  
    Of busy Baby Charley.

One arm stretched backward round his head,  
Five little toes from out the bed  
Just showing, like five rosebuds red,  
    —So slumbers Baby Charley.

Heaven-lights, I know, are beaming through  
Those lucent eyelids, veined with blue,  
That shut away from mortal view  
    Large eyes of Baby Charley.

O sweet Sleep-Angel, thronèd now  
On the round glory of his brow,  
Wave thy wing and waft my vow  
    Breathed over Baby Charley.

I vow that my heart, when death is nigh,  
Shall never shiver with a sigh  
For act of hand or tongue or eye  
That wronged my Baby Charley!

*Sidney Lanier.*

From "Poems,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

### THE CHANGELING

I HAD a little daughter,  
And she was given to me,  
To lead me gently onward  
To the Heavenly Father's knee,  
That I by the force of Nature,  
Might in some dim wise divine  
The depths of His infinite patience  
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,  
But to me she was wholly fair,  
And the light of the heaven she came from  
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;  
For it was as wavy and golden,  
And as many changes took,  
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples  
On the yellow bed of the brook.

To what can I liken her smiling  
Upon me, her kneeling lover?  
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,  
And dimpled her wholly over,

Till her outreached hands smiled also,  
And I almost seemed to see  
The very heart of her mother  
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,  
And it hardly seemed a day,  
When a troop of wandering angels  
Stole my little daughter away;  
Or perhaps those heavenly Zincoli  
But loosed the hampering strings,  
And when they opened her cage-door,  
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,  
A little angel child,  
That seems like her bud in full blossom,  
And smiles as she never smiled;  
When I wake in the morning, I see it  
Where she always used to lie,  
And I feel as weak as a violet  
Alone 'neath the awful sky;—

As weak, yet as trustful also;  
For the whole year long I see  
All the wonders of faithful Nature  
Still worked for the love of me;  
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,  
Rain falls, suns rise and set,  
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper  
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,  
I cannot sing it to rest,  
I cannot lift it up fatherly  
And bless it upon my breast;  
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,  
And sits in my little one's chair,  
And the light of the heaven she's gone to,  
Transfigures its golden hair.

*James Russell Lowell.*

### SILENT BABY

THE baby sits in her cradle,  
Watching the world go round,  
Enwrap in a mystical silence  
Amid all the tumult of sound.  
She must be akin to the flowers,  
For no one has heard  
A whispered word  
From this silent baby of ours.

Wondering, she looks at the children,  
As they merrily laughing pass,  
And smiles o'er her face go rippling,  
Like sunshine over the grass  
And into the heart of the flowers;  
But never a word  
Has yet been heard  
From this silent darling of ours.

Has she a wonderful wisdom,  
Of unspoken knowledge a store,  
Hid away from all curious eyes,  
Like the mysterious lore,  
Of the birds and the bees and the flowers?  
Is this why no word  
Has ever been heard  
From this silent baby of ours?

Ah, baby, from out your blue eyes  
The angel of silence is smiling—  
Though silvern hereafter your speech,  
Your silence is golden—beguiling  
All hearts to this darling of ours,  
Who speaks not a word  
Of all she has heard,  
Like the birds, the bees, and the flowers.

*Anonymous.*

## A PRAYER

**G**OD bless my little one! How fair  
The mellow lamp-light gilds his hair,  
Loose on the cradle-pillow there,  
God bless my little one!

God love my little one! As clear,  
Cool sunshine holds the first green spear  
On April meadows, hold him dear.  
God love my little one!

When these fond lips are mute, and when  
I slumber, not to wake again,  
God bless, God guard, God love him then,  
My little one! Amen.

*Edgar Fawcett.*

### BABY, OPEN YOUR EYES

**B**ABY dear, baby dear, open your eyes,  
The sun is awake right up in the skies;  
The little birds up in their appletree nest,  
I'm sure, long ere this, have been washed and drest;  
The daisies a long long time since have begun  
To open their white-and-gold flowers to the sun;  
The bees are all singing, and so are the flies—  
Baby dear, baby dear, open your eyes.

Dolly, dear dolly, is wanting you, dear;  
See, how she's waiting for you, baby, here;  
Never a dolly was sweeter than this;  
Here she is waiting my baby to kiss.  
All the nice breakfast for Etty is laid,  
Baby's sweet bread and milk soon will be made;  
Up, dear, to crow and to laugh and look wise,  
Dear, dear baby, open your eyes.

*William Cox Bennett.*

### PEEK-A-BOO

**W**HERE is my little one hiding from me?  
Where is my darling? Oh, where can he be?  
Under the sofa and under the chair,  
Still I keep looking; but no one is there!

Where is my little one? Where can he be,  
Hiding so much of his sunshine from me?  
Oh, how his musical prattle I miss!  
Sure I was never so lonely as this.

No little arms to give mamma a squeeze;  
No one to comfort me; no one to tease;  
There on the floor is his beautiful toy;  
But where in the world is my own little boy?

Coaxing wont bring him? the rogue! then I'll try  
How he will feel when he hears mamma cry;  
"Oh, my dear baby! Come back to me, do!  
Mamma is lonely!"—"Ha, ha! peek-a-boo!"

Peek-a-boo! roses that bloom on his cheek;  
Peek-a-boo! eyes that so lovingly speak;  
Peek-a-boo! "sunshine," and "mamma's delight."  
While you were hiding I thought it was night.

*Josephine Pollard.*

## A MORNING GREETING

A NESTLING in the little crib,  
A soft hand laid upon my head,  
A gentle whisper in my ear,  
"Mamma, I'm tumin' into bed!"

"Oh, no," I said, "'twill never do;  
Now shut those little peepers tight,  
And sleep and dream till morning breaks;  
Then you may come, when comes the light!"

Again a nestling in the crib,  
As down to rest my birdie lay;  
I listened, for I thought she spoke:  
"Huddy up, light!" I heard her say.

Then all was still. We slept again  
Till dawn lit up the eastern sky;  
Then sang my birdie sweet and clear,  
"Now light has tum, and so has I!"

*Anonymous.*

### THE FAVORITE

**S** AID the rubber dog with the long straight tail  
To the duck with the emerald breast,  
"You are very lovely to look upon,  
But the baby loves me best.

"For she takes my whole head in her mouth,  
And I patiently let her chew,  
And suck and bite with all her might,  
To help her teeth come through."

Said the emerald duck, "She would never dare  
Do such a thing to me,  
But she finds me floating in her bath,  
And laughs and crows with glee."

"I'll tell you what," said the rubber dog,  
"Let us together stand  
On the bureau top, and see which one  
She first takes in her hand."



So they took their stand on the bureau top,  
And stood there side by side,  
The dog held his tail up straight and high,  
And the green duck swelled with pride.

Then the baby came on her nurse's arm,  
And their hearts went pit-a-pat,  
The baby did not glance at them,  
She was hugging the worsted cat!

*Mildred Whitney Stillman.*

From "Wood Notes,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
Duffield & Co.

## GETTING UP

**B**ABY, baby, ope your eye,  
For the sun is in the sky,  
And he's peeping once again  
Through the frosty window pane;  
Little baby, do not keep  
Any longer fast asleep.

There, now, sit in mother's lap,  
That she may untie your cap,  
For the little strings have got  
Twisted into such a knot;  
Ah! for shame,—you've been at play  
With the bobbin, as you lay.

There it comes,—now let me see  
Where your petticoats can be;

Oh,—they're in the window seat,  
Folded very smooth and neat:  
When my baby older grows  
She shall double up her clothes.

Now one pretty little kiss,  
For dressing you as neat as this,  
And before we go downstairs,  
Don't forget to say your pray'rs,  
For 'tis God who loves to keep  
Little babies in their sleep.

*Jane Taylor.*

### A FACE

**B**ETWEEN the curtains of snowy lace,  
Over the way is a baby's face;  
It peeps forth, smiling in merry glee,  
And waves its pink little hand at me.

My heart responds with a lonely cry—  
But in the wonderful By and By—  
Out from the window of God's "To Be,"  
That other baby shall beckon me.

That ever haunting and longed-for face,  
That perfect vision of infant grace,  
Shall shine on me in a splendor of light,  
Never to fade from my eager sight.

All that was taken shall be made good;  
All that puzzles me understood;  
And the wee white hand that I lost one day,  
Shall lead me into the Better Way.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

From "Maurine and Other Poems,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.

### THE BABES IN THE WOOD

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,  
These words, which I shall write;  
A doleful story you shall hear,  
In time brought forth to light.  
A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolk dwelt of late,  
Who did in honor far surmount  
Most men of his estate.  
  
Sore sick was he, and like to die,  
No help his life could save;  
His wife by him as sick did lie,  
And both possessed one grave.  
No love between these two was lost,  
Each was to other kind;  
In love they lived, in love they died,  
And left two babes behind:  
  
The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing three years old;  
The other a girl more young than he,  
And framed in beauty's mold.

The father left his little son,  
As plainly does appear,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane  
Five hundred pounds in gold,  
To be paid down on marriage-day,  
Which might not be controlled:  
But if the children chance to die,  
Ere they to age should come,  
Their uncle should possess their wealth;  
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,  
"Look to my children dear;  
Be good unto my boy and girl,  
No friends else have they here:  
To God and you I recommend  
My children dear this day;  
But little while be sure we have  
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,  
And uncle all in one;  
God knows what will become of them,  
When I am dead and gone."  
With that bespoke their mother dear,  
"O brother kind," quoth she,  
"You are the man must bring our babes  
To wealth or misery.

“And if you keep them carefully  
Then God will you reward;  
But if you otherwise should deal,  
God will your deeds regard.”  
With lips as cold as any stone,  
They kissed their children small:  
“God bless you both, my children dear;”  
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake  
To this sick couple there,  
“The keeping of your little ones,  
Sweet sister, do not fear;  
God never prosper me nor mine,  
Nor aught else that I have,  
If I do wrong your children dear,  
When you are laid in grave.”

The parents being dead and gone,  
The children home he takes,  
And brings them straight into his house,  
Where much of them he makes.  
He had not kept these pretty babes  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
But, for their wealth, he did devise  
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,  
Which were of furious mood,  
That they should take these children young,  
And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife an artful tale,  
He would the children send  
To be brought up in fair London  
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,  
Rejoicing at that tide,  
Rejoicing with a merry mind,  
They should on cock-horse ride.  
They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
As they rode on the way,  
To those that should their butchers be,  
And work their lives' decay:

So that the pretty speech they had,  
Made Murder's heart relent;  
And they that undertook the deed,  
Full sore did now repent.  
Yet one of them more hard of heart,  
Did vow to do his charge,  
Because the wretch that hired him,  
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,  
So here they fall to strife;  
With one another they did fight,  
About the children's life:  
And he that was of mildest mood,  
Did slay the other there,  
Within an unfrequented wood;  
The babes did quake for fear!

He took the children by the hand,  
Tears standing in their eye,  
And bade them straightway follow him,  
And look they did not cry:  
And two long miles he led them on,  
While they for food complain:  
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,  
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and down,  
But never more could see the man  
Approaching from the town;  
Their pretty lips with black-berries  
Were all besmeared and dyed,  
And, when they saw the darksome night,  
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,  
Till death did end their grief;  
In one another's arms they died,  
As wanting due relief:  
No burial this pretty pair  
Of any man receives,  
Till Robin-red-breast piously  
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God  
Upon their uncle fell;  
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,  
His conscience felt an hell:

His barns were fired, his goods consumed,  
His lands were barren made,  
His cattle died within the field,  
And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal  
Two of his sons did die;  
And, to conclude, himself was brought  
To want and misery:  
He pawned and mortgaged all his land  
Ere seven years came about,  
And now at length his wicked act  
Did by this means come out:

The fellow, that did take in hand  
These children for to kill,  
Was for a robbery judged to die,  
Such was God's blessed will:  
Who did confess the very truth  
As here hath been displayed:  
Their uncle having died in jail,  
Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,  
And overseers eke  
Of children that be fatherless,  
And infants mild and meek;  
Take you example by this thing,  
And yield to each his right,  
Lest God with such like misery  
Your wicked minds requite.

*Anonymous.*



## LITTLE BIRDIE

WHAT does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day?  
"Let me fly," says little birdie,  
"Mother, let me fly away."  
"Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger."  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
"Let me rise and fly away."  
"Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger;  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby, too, shall fly away."

*Alfred Tennyson.*

From "Sea Dreams."

## BABY IS CREEPING

OUT on the porch, by the open door,  
Sweet with roses and cool with shade,  
Baby is creeping over the floor;  
Dear little winsome, blue-eyed maid.

All about her the shadows dance;  
All above her the roses swing;  
Sunbeams in at the lattice glance;  
Robins up in the branches sing.

Up at the blossoms her fingers reach,  
Lisping her pleading in broken words;  
Cooing away in her tender speech,  
Songs like the twitter of nestling birds.

Creeping, creeping over the floor;  
Soon my birdie will find her wings,  
Fluttering out at the open door,  
Into the wonderful world of things—

Bloom of roses and balm of dew,  
Brooks that babble and winds that call,  
All things lovely, and bright, and new,  
And God, the merciful, over all.

*Anonymous.*

## PAPA

**W**HAT is so sweet as the baby's voice,  
"Papa, papa"?  
If of all music I had my choice,  
I'd choose the pure little ringing voice,  
Calling, cooing,  
Tenderly wooing—  
"Papa, papa!"

You wrong it by saying it's like a bird—  
"Papa, papa!"  
No soaring lark that you ever heard,  
Or robin, or thrush, or bobolink—  
Not even a nightingale, I think,

Has a note so tender, so soft and true—  
A voice that so thrills one through and through—  
    Calling, cooing,  
    Tenderly wooing—  
    "Papa, papa!"

Life has its sorrows—they're not to be missed—  
    Losses and pain;  
But when baby puts up her dear face to be kissed,  
There's always a balance of joy in the scale;  
When I hear her sweet voice my heart cannot fail—  
    Calling, cooing,  
    Tenderly wooing—  
    "Papa, papa!"

*Anonymous.*

## SONGS FOR FRAGOLETTA

### I

**F**RAGOLETTA, blessed one,  
    What think you of the light of the sun?  
Do you think the dark was best,  
Lying snug in mother's breast?  
Ah! I knew that sweetness, too,  
Fragoletta, before you!  
But, Fragoletta, now you're born,  
You must learn to love the morn,  
Love the lovely working light,  
Love the miracle of sight,  
Love the thousand things to do—  
Little girl, I envy you!—

Love the thousand things to see,  
Love your mother, and,—love me!  
And some night, Fragoletta, soon,  
I'll take you out to see the moon;  
And for the first time, child of ours,  
You shall—think of it!—look on flowers,  
And smell them, too, if you are good,  
And hear the green leaves in the wood  
Talking, talking, all together  
In the happy windy weather;  
And if the journey's not too far  
For little limbs so lately made,  
Limb upon limb like petals laid,  
We'll go and picnic in a star.

## II

Blue eyes looking up at me,  
I wonder what you really see,  
Lying in your cradle there,  
Fragrant as a branch of myrrh.  
Helpless little hands and feet,  
O so helpless! O so sweet!  
Tiny tongue that cannot talk,  
Tiny feet that cannot walk,  
Nothing of you that can do  
Aught, except those eyes of blue.  
How they open, how they close!  
Eyelids of the baby-rose!  
Open and shut, so blue, so wise,  
Baby-eyelids, baby-eyes.

## III

That, Fragoletta, is the rain  
Beating upon the window-pane;  
But lo! The golden sun appears,  
To kiss away the window's tears.  
That, Fragoletta, is the wind  
That rattles so the window-blind;  
And yonder shining thing's a star,  
Blue eyes,—you seem ten times as far.  
That, Fragoletta, is a bird  
That speaks, yet never says a word;  
Upon a cherry-tree it sings,  
Simple as all mysterious things;  
Its little life to peck and pipe  
As long as cherries ripe and ripe,  
And minister unto the need  
Of baby-birds that feed and feed.  
This, Fragoletta, is a flower,  
Open and fragrant for an hour,  
A flower, a transitory thing,  
Each petal fleeting as a wing,  
All a May morning blows and blows,  
And then for everlasting goes.

## IV

Blue eyes, against the whiteness pressed  
Of little mother's hallowed breast,  
The while your trembling lips are fed,  
Look up at mother's bended head,

All benediction over you—  
O blue eyes looking into blue!  
Fragoletta is so small,  
We wonder that she lives at all—  
Tiny alabaster girl,  
Hardly bigger than a pearl;  
That is why we take such care,  
Lest someone run away with her.

*Richard Le Gallienne.*

From "The Lonely Dancer,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
The John Lane Co.

### PEEK-A-BOO

**T**HE cunningest thing that a baby can do  
Is the very first time it plays peek-a-boo;

When it hides its pink little face in its hands,  
And crows, and shows that it understands

What nurse, and mamma and papa, too,  
Mean when they hide and cry, "Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo."

Oh, what a wonderful thing it is,  
When they find that baby can play like this;

And everyone listens, and thinks it true  
That baby's gurgle means "Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo";

And over and over the changes are rung  
On the marvelous infant who talks so young.

I wonder if any one ever knew  
A baby that never played peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo?

'Tis old as the hills are, I believe  
Cain was taught it by Mother Eve;

For Cain was an innocent baby, too,  
And I am sure he played peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo.

And the whole world full of the children of men,  
Have all of them played that game since then.

Kings and princes and beggars, too,  
Everyone has played peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo.

Thief and robber and ruffian bold,  
The crazy tramp and the drunkard old,

All have been babies who laughed and knew  
How to hide, and play peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

From "How Salvator Won,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.

## IN THE DOORWAY

**D**ID you ever see my baby—  
My one, my only girl?  
She is not a blue-eyed lady,  
No lily, nor a pearl;  
But a merry little gypsy,  
With eyes as brown as berries,  
A tiny dimple in her cheek,  
And lips like luscious cherries.

Any pleasant evening,  
If you will come with me,  
You can view as fair a picture  
As one may ever see.  
There, framed within the doorway  
By a crimson-tinted vine,  
A setting fair as jewels rare,  
Is that darling babe of mine.

She is pulling at the posies  
With her little chubby hands,  
As in eager expectation  
She on tip-toe restless stands;  
Now she has dropped the blossoms  
She had gathered in her glee,  
And slyly peeps far down the street  
To catch a glimpse of me.

She sees me, *now* she sees me,  
And her eyes are all agleam—  
What gem can match their radiance  
With the beauty of its sheen?  
What star can vie in splendor  
With the lustrous light that lies  
Imprisoned in the glorious depths  
Of those love-beaming eyes?

Step faster! I must hasten  
To clasp her in my arms;  
If death should snatch her from me,  
This world would lose its charms.



God bless thee, little lady,  
Is my prayer on bended knee—  
God guard and guide the precious child  
Who is all the world to me.

*Louise C. Custice.*

## WINNIE

**B**LESS me! here's another baby,  
Just as cunning as can be,  
Eyes as blue as bonnie blue bells,  
Breath as sweet as rosemary.  
Smile—a tiny, flashing sunbeam,  
Hair a purest, fairest gold,  
Hands and shoulders full of dimples,  
Little Winnie, eight months old.  
Making funny, cooing speeches,  
Nobody can understand—  
Such a quaint and pretty language,  
Only spoke in baby-land.  
Should I sing all day about her,  
All her sweetness were not told:  
She's a bud, a bird, a fairy,  
Little Winnie, eight months old.

*Anonymous.*

## ALICE

**O**F deepest blue of summer skies  
Is wrought the heaven of her eyes.  
Of that fine gold the autumns wear  
Is wrought the glory of her hair.

Of rose leaves fashioned in the south  
Is shaped the marvel of her mouth.

And from the honeyed lips of bliss  
Is drawn the sweetness of her kiss.

'Mid twilight thrushes that rejoice  
Is found the cadence of her voice.

Of winds that wave the western fir  
Is made the velvet touch of her.

Of all earth's songs God took the half  
To make the ripple of her laugh.

I hear you ask, "Pray who is she?"—  
This maid that is so dear to me.

"A reigning queen in Fashion's whirl?"  
Nay, nay! She is my baby girl.

*Herbert Bashford.*

Permission of the Author.

## BARTHOLOMEW

**B**ARTHOLOMEW is very sweet,  
From sandy hair to rosy feet.

Bartholomew is six months old,  
And dearer far than pearls or gold.

Bartholomew has deep blue eyes,  
Round pieces dropped from out the skies.

Bartholomew is hugged and kissed:  
He loves a flower in either fist.

Bartholomew's my saucy son;  
No mother has a sweeter one!

*Norman Gale.*

## BABY MAY

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches,  
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches  
Poppies paleness—round large eyes  
Ever great with new surprise,  
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,  
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,  
Happy smiles and wailing cries,  
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,  
Lights and shadows swifter born  
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn,  
Ever some new tiny notion  
Making every limb all motion—  
Catching up of legs and arms,  
Throwings back and small alarms,  
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,  
Twining feet whose each toe works,  
Kickings up and straining risings,  
Mother's ever new surprisings,  
Hands all wants and looks all wonder  
At all things the heavens under,  
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings  
That have more of love than lovings,

Mischiefs done with such a winning  
Archness, that we prize such sinning,  
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,  
Graspings small at all that passes,  
Pullings off of all that's able  
To be caught from tray or table;  
Silences—small meditations,  
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,  
Breaking into wisest speeches  
In a tongue that nothing teaches,  
All the thoughts of whose possessing  
Must be wooed to light by guessing;  
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings,  
That we'd ever have such dreamings,  
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,  
And we'd always have thee waking;  
Wealth for which we know no measure,  
Pleasure high above all pleasure,  
Gladness brimming over gladness,  
Joy in care—delight in sadness,  
Loveliness beyond completeness,  
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,  
Beauty all that beauty may be—  
That's May Bennett, that's my baby.

*William Cox Bennett.*

## RUTH

**W**HAT shall be the baby's name?  
Shall we catch from sounding fame  
Some far-echoed word of praise  
Out of other climes or days?

Put upon her brow new-born  
Crowns that other brows have worn?

Shall we take some dearer word,  
Once within our circle heard,  
Cherished yet, though spoken less—  
Shall we lay its tenderness  
On the baby's little head,  
So to call again our dead?

Shall we choose a name of grace  
That befits the baby's face—  
Something full of childish glee,  
To be spoken joyously?  
Something sweeter, softer yet,  
That shall say, "Behold, our pet!"

Nay; the history of the great  
Must not weigh our baby's fate;  
Nay; the dear ones disenthralled  
Must not be by us recalled;  
We shall meet them soon again—  
Let us keep their names till then!

Nay; we do not seek a word  
For a kitten or a bird;  
Not to suit the baby-ways,  
But to wear in after days—  
Fit for uses grave and good,  
Wrapped in future womanhood—

For the mother's loving tongue  
While our daughter still is young;  
For the manly lips that may  
Call the maiden heart away;  
For the time, yet tenderer,  
When her children think of her.

Let us choose a Bible name,  
One that always bides the same,  
Sacred, sweet, in every land  
All men's reverence to command;  
For our earthly uses given,  
And yet musical in heaven.

One I know, these names amid—  
"Beauty" is its meaning hid;  
She who wore it made it good  
With her gracious womanhood.  
Name for virtue, love, and truth,  
Let us call the baby *Ruth*.

*Anonymous.*

### BABY PAUL

UP in the early morning,  
Just at the peep of day,  
Driving the sleep from my eyelids,  
Pulling the quilts away;  
Pinching my cheeks and my forehead  
With his white fingers small:  
This is my bright-eyed darling,  
This is my baby Paul.

Down on the floor in the parlor,  
Creeping with laugh and shout,  
Or out in the kitchen and pantry,  
Tossing the things about;  
Rattling the pans and the kettles,  
Scratching the table and wall:  
This is my roguish darling,  
This is my baby Paul.

Riding on papa's shoulder,  
Trotting on grandpa's knee,  
Pulling his hair and whiskers,  
Laughing in wildest glee;  
Reaching for grandma's knitting,  
Snatching her thimble and ball:  
This is our household idol,  
This is our baby Paul.

Playing bo-peep with his brothers,  
Kissing the little girls,  
Roaming with aunt and uncles,  
Clutching his sister's curls;  
Teasing old puss from his slumbers,  
Pattering o'er porch and hall:  
This is our bonny wee darling,  
This is our baby Paul.

Nestling up close to my bosom,  
Laying his cheek to mine,  
Covering my mouth with his kisses  
Sweeter than golden wine,

Flinging his white arms about me,  
Soft as the snow-flakes fall:  
This is my cherished darling,  
This is my baby Paul.

Dearer, a thousand times dearer,  
The wealth in my darling I hold,  
Than all the earth's glittering treasure,  
Its glory, and honors, and gold;  
If these at my feet were now lying,  
I'd gladly renounce them all,  
For the sake of my bright-eyed darling,  
My dear little baby Paul.

*Mrs. Bishop Thompson.*

### BEARD AND BABY

**I** SAY, as one who never feared  
The wrath of a subscriber's bullet,  
I pity him who has a beard  
But has no little girl to pull it!

When wife and I have finished tea,  
Our baby woos me with her prattle,  
And, perching proudly on my knee,  
She gives my petted whiskers battle.

With both her hands she tugs away,  
While scolding at me kind o' spiteful;  
You'll not believe me when I say  
I find the torture quite delightful!



No other would presume, I ween,  
To trifle with this hirsute wonder,  
Else would I rise in vengeful mien  
And rend his vandal frame asunder!

But when *her* baby fingers pull  
This glossy, sleek, and silky treasure,  
My cup of happiness is full—  
I fairly glow with pride and pleasure!

And sweeter still, through all the day  
I seem to hear her winsome prattle—  
I seem to feel her hands at play,  
As though they gave me sportive battle.

Yes, heavenly music seems to steal  
Where thought of her forever lingers,  
And round my heart I always feel  
The twining of her dimpled fingers!

*Eugene Field.*

From "Poems of Eugene Field,"  
Copyright, 1910, by Julia S. Field.  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

## KISSES

**F**AST asleep, with a nameless grace  
Covering hands and feet and face,  
Baby lies 'mid billows of lace.

Half-blown rose, each dainty hand  
Tangled 'mid golden mesh and strand,  
Dreaming on verge of baby-land.

Draw the crib where shadows tall  
Of climbing rose 'gainst lattice wall,  
Cover the darling, crib and all.

See, one surge of the covering light  
Brings the dainty foot in sight,  
Dimpled and soft and dainty white.

Cover with kisses the dreamer there,  
Dimpled arms and shoulders bare,  
Red, red lips, and golden hair.

Ay, cover with kisses that golden head;  
Sometime when the years have sped,  
These kisses shall make her comforted.

Cover with kisses the dreamer there,  
Dimpled arms and shoulders bare,  
Red, red lips, and golden hair.

*Anonymous.*

## TWO TIRELESS LITTLE FEET

**T**WO tireless little feet all day have trotted  
Across the parlor floor;  
Two tiny dimpled hands have slily plotted  
Mischief behind the door.

Two magic crystal orbs with watch unceasing  
Their glance on all have flung;  
Two rose-red lips their merry chattering, teasing,  
In bird-like notes have sung.

Now, o'er those orbs the drowsy lids are closing,  
    Bidding adieu to light;  
And lips, while hands and feet lie still, reposing,  
    Have whispered their "Good-night."

Oh, blessed hour, when soft-winged sleep descending,  
    Brings a desired release  
To toil-worn mortals; all their troubles ending  
    In sweet, oblivious peace.

For He who ever guides the sunlight's setting,  
    And gently veils the earth,  
That deep repose may bring, that self-forgetting,  
    Prelude to newer birth,

Will ever guard the tender infant's slumber,  
    And send his angel bands,  
The midnight watch and dawning hours to number  
    With star-tipped wands.

*Anonymous.*

## THE SECRET

**C**OME, look at the dainty darling!  
    As fresh as a new-blown rose,  
From the top of his head so golden,  
    To the dear little restless toes;  
You can tell by the dancing dimples,  
    By the smiles that come and go.  
He is keeping a wonderful secret  
    You'd give half your kingdom to know.

Now, kiss him on cheek and forehead,  
And kiss him on lip and chin;  
The little red mouth is hiding  
The rarest of pearls within.  
Ah, see! when the lips in smiling  
Have parted their tender red,  
Do you see the tiny white jewel,  
Set deep in its coral bed?

Now, where are the sage reporters,  
Who wait by hamlet and hill,  
To tell the listening nation  
The news of its good or ill?  
Come, weave with your idle gossip  
This golden blossom of truth—  
Just half a year old this morning,  
And one little pearly tooth.

*Anonymous.*

### FRED ENGLEHARDT'S BABY

**D**RU as I leev, most efry day  
I laugh me wild to saw der way  
My schmall young baby dries to play—  
Dot funny leetle baby.

When I look of dem leetle toes,  
Und saw dot funny leetle nose,  
Und hear der way dot rooster crows—  
I schmile like I vas grazy.

Sometimes der comes a leetle shquall,  
Dots ven der vindy vind does crawl  
Right in his leetle shtomach schmall—  
Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so shweet,  
Und gorryparric he must eat,  
Und I must chump shpry on my feet  
To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose und kicks my hair,  
Und crawls me ofer everywhere,  
Und schlobber me—but what I care?  
Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm  
Vas shquozh me all so nice und warm.  
Oh, may dere never come some harm  
To dot schmall leetle baby.

*Charles Follen Adams.*

## MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

“**W**HAT are you good for, my brave little man?  
Answer that question for me, if you can,—  
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,—  
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.  
All the day long, with your busy contriving,  
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;  
See if your wise little noddle can tell  
What you are good for. Now ponder it well.”

Over the carpet the dear little feet  
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;  
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,  
Under their lashes looked up unto me;  
Two little hands pressing soft on my face,  
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;  
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,  
"Good to love you, mamma,—good to love you."

*Emily Huntington Miller.*

### PARENTAL RECOLLECTIONS

A CHILD'S a plaything for an hour;  
Its pretty tricks we try  
For that or for a longer space;  
Then tire, and lay it by.  
But I knew one, that to itself  
All seasons could control;  
That would have mocked the sense of pain  
Out of a grievèd soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,  
Young climber up of knees,  
When I forget thy thousand ways,  
Then life and all shall cease.

*Charles Lamb.*

### THE BABY'S PROTEST

YOU think a baby has no cares,  
Its life from every sorrow's free?  
Well then you come and take my place  
When someone 'rides' me on his knee.

For it's trot, trot, trot,  
No sooner than I am awake;  
And it's jig, jig, jig,  
Until I'm nothing but an ache.  
And it's jog, jog, jog,  
Until I cry to make them stop,  
But they only bounce the harder  
With their hop, hop, hop!

No sooner is my dinner down  
Than some great knee must shake it up;  
They give me hiccoughs and the cramps—  
What anguish brims the infant's cup!

For it's bump, bump, bump,  
Until my very joints are rent—  
My poor deluded father thinks  
For this it is that I am meant.  
So he thumps, thumps, thumps,  
And with each jolt I think I'm done;  
And all the while my foolish pa  
Just laughs and shouts—it is such fun!

On mother's shoulder I am hung  
When screams have taken all my breath;  
It's queer why she should sing to me  
While she is pounding me to death!

For it's pat, pat, pat—  
Why should my eyes of tears be dried  
When it's slap, slap, slap  
Until I'm jolted loose inside?

And it's whack, whack, whack,  
And all the time I scream for help;  
But mother rocks and beats the harder  
The harder that I squawk and yelp!

The friends and relatives flock in  
With hearts intent to give me battle;  
I live on some perpetual knee,  
That shakes me so that my bones rattle!

For it's jar, jar, jar,  
Until my countenance is reddened;  
And it's thud, thud, thud,  
Until my brain is slowly deadened.  
Each time I hit that awful knee  
I feel a madness nearer creep;  
The only way I save my life  
Is to pretend that I'm asleep!

*Joseph Morris.*

## THE BABY ACROSS THE STREET

AS I've sat at my chamber window,  
I've noticed, again and again,  
The sweetest of baby fingers  
At the opposite window-pane;  
Rosy cheeks daintily dimpled,  
Curls, that without any check  
Tumble and twist in confusion  
With the corals about its neck.



Eyes—but to mention the color  
I must wait for a nearer view,  
Though I think I may state, at a venture,  
They'll match with the ribbons of blue.  
Feet with their tiny bronzed slippers,  
And the dearest of wee chubby fists,  
And arms, in whose foldings of fatness  
You must search for the little one's wrists.

Sometimes I throw kisses to baby,  
And back come the kisses to me;  
And the intricate game of "bo-peep"  
Is a source of infinite glee,  
That lights up the smiles and the dimples;  
So I think I may truthfully say  
That I have an established flirtation  
With the baby over the way.

But how has the little one stolen  
A march on my foolish old heart?  
And why, as I watch those bright eyes,  
Will the quick tears instinctively start?  
Ah, because in the long ago years,  
Ere time mixed my tresses with gray,  
I, too, had a baby as lovely  
As the little one over the way.

. . . . .

And so, for the sake of the joy  
That long ago gladdened my heart,  
For the light that once shone on my way,  
So quickly, alas! to depart;

For the love that I bore my one darling,  
All babies are dearer to-day;  
And I think I must call on the mother  
Of that baby over the way.

*Anonymous.*

### THE FIRST TOOTH

**T**HERE once was a wood, and a very thick wood,  
So thick that to walk was as much as you could;  
But a sunbeam got in, and the trees understood.

I went to this wood, at the end of the snows,  
And as I was walking I saw a primrose;  
Only one! Shall I show you the place where it grows?

There once was a house, and a very dark house,  
As dark, I believe, as the hole of a mouse,  
Or a tree in my wood, at the thick of the boughs.

I went to this house, and I searched it aright,  
I opened the chambers, and I found a light;  
Only one! Shall I show you this little lamp bright?

There once was a cave, and this very dark cave  
One day took a gift from an incoming wave;  
And I made up my mind to know what the sea gave.

I took a lit torch, I walked round the ness  
When the water was lowest; and in a recess  
In my cave was a jewel. Will nobody guess?

O there was baby, he sat on my knee,  
With a pearl in his mouth that was precious to me,  
His little dark mouth like my cave of the sea!

I said to my heart, "And my jewel is bright!  
He blooms like a primrose! He shines like a light!"  
Put your hand in his mouth! Do you feel? He can bite!

*William Brighty Rands.*

## THE CENSOR

I'LL sing you a song with a pleasant refrain  
*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe),*  
And if you don't like it I won't come again  
*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe).*

Now Johnnie, aged six, by his mother was led  
*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe)*  
To see an old schoolmate more recently wed  
*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe).*

The schoolmate was mother's, not Johnnie's, I mean  
*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe);*  
She had a small daughter—red, wiggling, and lean  
*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe).*

This wee daughter's age was two months and no more  
*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe);*  
She flounced in her crib like a fish on the shore  
*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe).*

Her mother said: "Johnnie, would you like to see?"

*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe).*

"Uh-huh," replied Johnnie and climbed on her knee

*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe)—*

Her mother's, I mean, not the baby's. And there

*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe)*

He sat, deep in wonder, to stare and to stare

*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe).*

"And how do you like her?" the mother inquired

*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe);*

And Johnnie observed how the babe was attired

*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe),*

And that she could wiggle, and where she was bald

*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe),*

And once how she opened her mouthlet and squalled

*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe).*

He didn't approve her, and meant so to say

*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe).*

He saw where beside her a powder-puff lay

*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe);*

He raised it and said with contempt meant to sting

*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe):*

"It seems rather early for this kind of thing"

*(Sally cut her shin on the stovepipe).*

*St. Clair Adams.*

## A RHYME OF ONE

YOU sleep upon your mother's breast,  
Your race begun,  
A welcome, long a wished-for Guest,  
Whose age is One.

A Baby-Boy, you wonder why  
You cannot run;  
You try to talk—how hard you try!—  
You're only One.

Ere long you won't be such a dunce:  
You'll eat your bun,  
And fly your kite, like folk who once  
Were only One.

You'll rhyme and woo, and fight and joke,  
Perhaps you'll pun!  
Such feats are never done by folk  
Before they're One.

Some day, too, you may have your joy,  
And envy none;  
Yes, you, yourself, may own a Boy,  
Who isn't One.

He'll dance, and laugh, and crow; he'll do  
As you have done:  
(You crown a happy home, though you  
Are only One.)

But when he's grown shall you be here  
    To share his fun,  
And talk of times when he (the Dear!)  
    Was hardly One?

Dear Child, 'tis your poor lot to be  
    My little Son;  
I'm glad, though I am old, you see,—  
    While you are One.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson.*

### THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

**H**ANG up the baby's stocking;  
    Be sure you don't forget—  
The dear little dimpled darling!  
    She ne'er saw Christmas yet;  
But I've told her all about it,  
    And she opened her big blue eyes,  
And I'm sure she understood it,  
    She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!  
    It doesn't take much to hold  
Such little pink toes as baby's  
    Away from the frost and cold.  
But then, for the baby's Christmas  
    It will never do at all;  
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking  
    For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby,  
I've thought of the very best plan—  
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,  
The longest that ever I can;  
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,  
Right here in the corner, so!  
And write a letter to Santa,  
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking  
That hangs in the corner here;  
You never have seen her, Santa,  
For she only came this year;  
But she's just the blessedest baby—  
And now, before you go,  
Just cram her stocking with goodies,  
From the top clean down to the toe."

*Anonymous.*

## THE FIRST STEP

**M**Y little one begins his feet to try,  
A tottering, feeble, inconsistent way;  
Pleased with the effort, he forgets his play,  
And leaves his infant baubles where they lie.  
Laughing and proud his mother flutters nigh,  
Turning to go, yet joy-compelled to stay.  
And, bird-like, singing what her heart would say;  
But not so certain of my bliss am I.  
For I bethink me of the days in store

Wherein those feet must traverse realms unknown,  
And half forget the pathway to our door.  
And I recall that in the seasons flown  
We were his all—as he was all our own—  
But never can be quite so any more.

*Andrew Bice Saxton.*

### WATCHING FOR PAPA

**S**HE always stood upon the steps  
Just by the cottage door,  
Waiting to kiss me when I came  
Each night home from the store.  
Her eyes were like two glorious stars,  
Dancing in heaven's own blue—  
"Papa," she'd call like a wee bird,  
"*I's looten out for oo!*"

Alas! how sadly do our lives  
Change as we onward roam!  
For now no birdie voice calls out  
To bid me welcome home.  
No little hands stretched out for me,  
No blue eyes dancing bright,  
No baby face peeps from the door  
When I come home at night.

And yet there's comfort in the thought  
That when life's toil is o'er,  
And passing through the sable flood  
I gain the brighter shore,



My little angel at the gate,  
With eyes divinely blue,  
Will call with birdie voice, "Papá,  
*Ís lootén out for oo!"*

*Anonymous.*

### THE BABY OVER THE WAY

**A** CROSS in my neighbor's window,  
With its drapings of satin and lace,  
I see, 'neath a crown of ringlets,  
A baby's innocent face.  
His feet in their wee red slippers  
Are tapping the polished glass,  
And the crowd in the street look upward,  
And nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in *my* cottage window,  
In the rays of the noonday sun,  
With a patch on his faded apron,  
Stands my own little one.  
His face is as pure and handsome  
As the baby's over the way,  
And he keeps my heart from breaking  
At my toiling every day.

Sometimes when the day is ended,  
And I sit in the dusk to rest,  
With the face of my sleepy darling  
Hugged close to my lonely breast,

I pray that my neighbor's baby  
May not catch heaven's roses all;  
But that some may crown the forehead  
Of my loved one as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings  
From his little tired feet,  
And kiss the rosy dimples  
In his limbs so round and sweet,  
I think of the dainty garments  
Some little children wear,  
And frown that my God withholds them  
From *mine*, so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy,  
I knew not what I said;  
My heart is crushed and humbled:  
My neighbor's boy is dead.  
I saw the little coffin  
As they carried it out to-day;  
A mother's heart is breaking  
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window,  
The blossoms bloom at my door;  
My boy is chasing the sunbeams  
That dance on the cottage floor;  
The roses of health are blushing  
On my darling's cheek to-day;  
But baby is *gone* from the window  
Of the house that's over the way.

*Washington Gladden.*

## BABY IN CHURCH

AUNT NELLIE had fashioned a dainty thing  
Of hamburg and ribbon and lace,  
And mamma had said, as she settled it round  
Our Baby's beautiful face,  
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies  
Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes,—  
"If the day is pleasant, and Baby is good,  
She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,  
In elder-brotherly way,  
How very, very good she must be  
If she went to church next day.  
He told of the church, the choir, and the crowd,  
And the man up front who talked so loud;  
But she must not talk, nor laugh, nor sing,  
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,  
When the fruit-buds burst into flowers  
(There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree  
So fair as this blossom of ours),  
All in her white dress, dainty and new,  
Our Baby sat in the family pew;  
The grand, sweet music, the reverend air,  
The solemn hush, and the voice of prayer,  
Filled all her baby soul with awe,  
As she sat in her little place,  
And the holy look that the angels wear  
Seemed pictured upon her face.

And the sweet words uttered so long ago  
Came into my mind with a rhythmic flow,—  
“Of such is the kingdom of heaven,” said He,  
And I knew He spake of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,  
The collection-box came around,  
And Baby dropped her penny in,  
And smiled at the chinking sound.  
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,  
Waiting the close of the soft prelude,  
To begin her solo. High and strong  
She struck the first note; clear and long

She held it, and all were charmed, but one  
Who, with all the might she had  
Sprang to her little feet and cried,  
“Aunt Nellie, you’s being bad!”  
The audience smiled, the minister coughed,  
The little boys in the corner laughed,  
The tenor shook like an aspen-leaf,  
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie could never tell  
How she finished that terrible strain,  
But says nothing on earth could tempt  
Her to go through the scene again.  
So we have decided, perhaps ’tis best,  
For her sake, and ours, and all the rest,  
That we wait, maybe a year or two,  
Ere our Baby re-enter the family pew.

*Anonymous.*

## THE "COMING MAN"

A PAIR of very chubby legs  
Encased in scarlet hose;  
A pair of little stubby boots  
With rather doubtful toes;  
A little kilt, a little coat,  
Cut as a mother can,  
And lo! before us strides in state  
The Future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,  
And search their unknown ways;  
Perchance the human heart and soul  
Will open to their gaze;  
Perchance their keen and flashing glance  
Will be a nation's light,—  
Those eyes that now are wistful bent  
On some "big fellow's" kite.

That brow where mighty thought will dwell  
In solemn, secret state;  
Where fierce ambition's restless strength  
Shall war with future fate;  
Where science from now hidden caves  
New treasures shall outpour,—  
'Tis knit with a troubled doubt,  
Are two, or three cents, more?

Those lips that, in the coming years,  
Will plead, or pray, or teach;  
Whose whispered words, on lightning flash,  
From world to world may reach;

That, sternly grave, may speak command,  
Or, smiling, win control,—  
Are coaxing now for gingerbread  
With all a baby's soul!

Those hands—those little busy hands—  
So sticky, small, and brown,  
Those hands, whose only mission seems  
To pull all order down,—  
Who knows what hidden strength may lie  
Within their future grasp,  
Though now 'tis but a taffy-stick  
In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,  
Whose work is yet undone!  
And blessings on those little feet,  
Whose race is yet un-run!  
And blessings on the little brain  
That has not learned to plan!  
Whate'er the Future hold in store,  
God bless the "coming man!"

*Anonymous.*

## THE MILL

**I** KNOW a dandy little mill  
Above Chin Point, below Nose Hill,  
Just where a cunning roadway slips  
Between the banks called Rosy Lips.  
You'll see the mill before you gain  
The downward curve along Red Lane.

Against it something red is hung  
Which foolish people call the Tongue;  
But why they do I cannot see—  
It's just a mill-wheel, plain, to me;  
Or fly-wheel if you choose, for I  
Am sure I've often seen it fly.

Above the wheel, along the base  
Of smooth, high cliffs, here comes the race.  
Don't call it just a Palate. No!  
When past the gurgling waters flow,  
You feel the waves against the bank  
Like friendly armies, rank on rank.

Inside the mill white sacks of wheat  
Are stood in rows all fresh and neat.  
There's not a Tooth among them, though  
I've heard unthoughted folks say so.  
They're not even sacks of wheat until  
The work has stopped and they are still.

But when all busy is the scene,  
They're active parts of the machine—  
Above, as shaking hoppers flash;  
Below, as burrs they meet and clash.  
Three times a day, nor one time missed,  
Two Hands the miller brings them grist.

What is it that the mill doth grind?  
Whatever reaching Fingers find!  
Green apples, oatmeal, onions, steak,

Spaghetti, crackers, pickles, cake—  
These skip and scurry, roll and hop;  
Some crunch, some squunch, and some go “pop.”

Who thinks the grinding is too slow?  
That glutton Appetite! “Below,”  
Calls he, “are empty places, mill,  
You ought to hurry up and fill.  
Take everything Two Hands will stick  
Inside you. Get it to me quick!”

But Good Digestion says, “Take heed!  
To bolt it well there’s always need”;  
A Rosy Cheek more lovely glows  
In begging to remain a rose;  
And for my part I think they’re right—  
I’d not give way to Appetite.

Now, little boys and girls, you long  
To grow up big, be fine and strong;  
And though I dearly hope you will,  
You never could without the mill  
Which turns and hums and laughs and jokes  
And grinds you into grown-up folks.

*St. Clair Adams.*

## THE FIRST STEPS

**L**AST night I held my arms to you  
And you held yours to mine  
And started out to march to me  
As any soldier fine.



You lifted up your little feet  
And laughingly advanced;  
And I stood there and gazed upon  
Your first wee steps, entranced.

You gooded and gurgled as you came  
Without a sign of fear;  
As though you knew, your journey o'er,  
I'd greet you with a cheer.  
And, what is more, you seemed to know,  
Although you are so small,  
That I was there, with eager arms,  
To save you from a fall.

Three tiny steps you took, and then,  
Disaster and dismay!  
Your over-confidence had led  
Your little feet astray.  
You did not see what we could see  
Nor fear what us alarms;  
You stumbled, but ere you could fall  
I caught you in my arms.

You little tyke, in days to come  
You'll bravely walk alone,  
And you may have to wander paths  
Where dangers lurk unknown.  
And, Oh, I pray that then, as now,  
When accidents befall  
You'll still remember that I'm near  
To save you from a fall.

*Edgar A. Guest.*

## WHERE'S MY BABY?

WHERE'S my baby? where's my baby?  
But a little while ago  
In my arm I held one fondly,  
And a robe of lengthened flow  
Covered little knees so dimpled,  
And each pink and chubby toe.

Where's my baby? I remember  
Now about the shoes so red,  
Peeking from his shortened dresses,  
And the bright curls on his head;  
And the little teeth, so pearly,  
And the first sweet words he said!

Where's my baby? In the dooryard  
Is a boy with shingled hair,  
Whittling, as he tries to whistle  
With a big boy's manly air;  
With his pants within his boot-tops—  
But my baby is not there.

Where's my baby? Ask that urchin,  
Let me hear what he will say:  
"Where's your baby, ma?" he questioned,  
With a roguish look and way;  
"Guess he's grown to be a boy, now,  
Big enough to work and play."

Where's my baby? where's my baby?  
Ah, the years fly on apace!  
Yesterday I held and kissed it,  
In its loveliness and grace,  
But, to-morrow, sturdy manhood  
Takes the little baby's place.

*Anonymous.*

### PATIENCE WITH LOVE

**T**HEY are such little feet:  
They have gone such a tiny way to meet  
The years which are required to break  
Their steps to evenness, and make  
    Them go  
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands:  
Be kind. Things are so new and Life but stands  
A step beyond the doorway. All around  
    New day has found  
Such tempting things to shine upon, and so  
The hands are tempted hard, you know.

They are such new, young lives:  
Surely their newness thrives  
Them well of many sins: They see so much  
That, being immortal, they would touch;  
    If they would reach  
We must not chide but teach.

They are such fond, dear eyes  
That widen to surprise  
At every turn; they are so often held  
To suns or showers—showers soon dispelled  
By looking in our face—  
Love asks for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts;  
Uncertain as the rifts  
Of light that lie along the sky—  
They may not be here by and by—  
Giving them not love, but more—above  
And harder—patience with the love.

*George Klinge.*

### TAKING THE BABY'S PICTURE

MOLLY, she made it up that she—  
Seein' the baby had jest turned three  
Months—an' maybe a day or two—  
An' 'twuz 'bout decided his eyes wuz blue  
An' all o' the hair he had wuz red  
An' startin' to blossom roun' his head;  
Molly, she made it up that she  
Would take the baby, the gals an' me,  
An' have the little one's pictur' took  
To have at home in the album book.

That warn't much to decide, but wait—  
Thar's trouble comin', an' lots to state!  
Fer, though the baby enjoyed the ride—  
Rocked in the wagon, from side to side,

An' never a time on the journey cried,  
When we sot him down in the pictur' tent—  
Whar they made tintypes fer the settlement,  
'Twuz a change surprisin' he underwent!  
Fer when he seen that contraption tall,  
What takes yer face, an' yer clothes an' all,  
P'inted at him, he give a squall  
(His mother holdin'—fer fear he'd fall)  
An' they couldn't git him that time at all!

Then the man—he held up a dollar bright,  
An' says: "Look here!—Now we'll git him right!"  
An' the baby opened his mouth so wide  
It 'peared like the dollar would drap inside!  
But the man kept holdin' it fur away—  
The baby laughin', an' in fer play;  
"An' now," he hollered, "we'll git him shore!"  
An' p'inted that thing at his face once more.  
Lordy! it wuzn't no use at all!  
It took his mother—the gals, an' all  
To hold him still in the high old chair—  
Kickin' an' screamin'! . . . They called him "Dear,"  
An' "Honey," an' "Purty"; but 'twarn't no use:  
He kept on yellin', an' jest kicked loose!

How many times that feller tried  
To git that baby, I can't decide!  
He give him candy—a rattle—more  
Things than they keep in a Christmas store!  
An' lost six hours, he said; an' then  
He wuz one o' the maddest o' pictur' men!

An' he says to the mother: "Ef I wuz you  
 I'd strop that baby—that's what I'd do!  
 Fer he's 'bout the worst that I ever seen—  
 With a temper p'intedly bad an' mean!  
 An' now," says he, "you have got to pay  
 Fer all o' the time that I lost to-day!"  
 An' went on talkin' jest thataway.

. . . . .

Well, the mother, she fell to cryin', an'  
 Told him he warn't much of a man  
 To talk that way o' the sweetest one  
 An' purtiest baby under the sun!  
 An' she wuz sart'in *he* didn't have none!  
 Then, I chipped in—fer she kept on cryin'—  
 An' said: "That young 'un, old boy, is mine!"  
 An' then we clinched! . . . an' we fit an' fout  
 Fer half an hour, or nigh about—  
 Till the pictur' man wuz knocked clean out!

. . . . .

An' the baby's pictur' wuz never took  
 To keep at home in the album book.

*Frank L. Stanton.*

Printed in and permission from  
 "The Atlanta Constitution."

## TO ANOTHER WOMAN'S BABY

**I** LIST your prattle, baby boy,  
 And hear your pattering feet  
 With feelings more of pain than joy  
 And thoughts of bitter-sweet.

While touching your soft hands in play  
Such passionate longings rise  
For my wee boy who strayed away  
So soon to Paradise.

You win me with your infant art;  
But when our play is o'er,  
The empty cradle in my heart  
Seems lonelier than before.

Sweet baby boy you do not guess  
How oft mine eyes are dim,  
Or that my lingering caress  
Is sometimes meant for *him*.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

From "How Salvator Won,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.

## HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

HOME they brought her warrior dead;  
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry.  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep or she must die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Call'd him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe;  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face;  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee—  
Like summer tempest came her tears—  
“Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

*Alfred Tennyson.*

### LITTLE BROWN BABY

**L**ITTLE brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,  
Come to yo' pappy an' set on his knee.  
What you been doin', suh—makin' san' pies?  
Look at dat bib—you's ez du'ty ez me.  
Look at dat mouf—dat's merlasses, I bet;  
Come, hyeah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's.  
Bees gwine to ketch you an' eat you up yit,  
Bein' so sticky an' sweet—goodness lan's!

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,  
Who's pappy's darlin' an' who's pappy's chile?  
Who is it all de day nevah once tries  
Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile?  
Whah did you git dem teef? My, you's a scamp!  
Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?  
Pappy do' know yo—I b'lieves you's a tramp;  
Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol' straggler got in!



Let's th'ow him outen de do' in de san',  
We do' want stragglers a-layin' 'roun' hyeah;  
Let's gin him 'way to de big buggah-man;  
I know he's hidin' erroun' hyeah right neah.  
Buggah-man, buggah-man, come in de do',  
Hyeah's a bad boy you kin have fu' to eat.  
Mammy an' pappy do' want him no mo',  
Swaller him down f'om his haid to his feet!

Dah, now, I t'ought dat you'd hug me up close.  
Go back, ol' buggah, you sha'n't have dis boy.  
He ain't no tramp, ner no straggler, of co'se;  
He's pappy's pa'dner an' playmate an' joy.  
Come to you' pallet now—go to yo' res';  
Wisht you could allus know ease an' cleah skies;  
Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my breas'—  
Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes!

*Paul Lawrence Dunbar.*

From "Complete Poems,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
Dodd, Mead & Co.

## BABY'S GOT A TOOTH

**T**HE telephone rang in my office to-day, as it often has tinkled before.

I turned in my chair in a half-grouchy way, for a telephone call is a bore;

And I thought, "It is somebody wanting to know the distance from here to Pekin."

In a tone that was gruff I shouted "Hello," a sign for the talk to begin.

"What is it?" I asked in a terrible way. I was huffy, to tell you the truth,

Then over the wire I heard my wife say: "The baby, my dear, has a tooth!"

I have seen a man jump when the horse that he backed finished first in a well-driven race.

I have heard the man cheer, as a matter of fact, and I've seen the blood rush to his face;

I've been on the spot when good news has come in and I've witnessed expressions of glee

That range from a yell to a tilt of the chin; and some things have happened to me

That have thrilled me with joy from my toes to my head, but never from earliest youth

Have I jumped with delight as I did when she said, "The baby, my dear, has a tooth."

I have answered the telephone thousands of times for messages both good and bad;

I've received the reports of most horrible crimes, and news that was cheerful or sad;

I've been telephoned this and been telephoned that, a joke, or an errand to run;

I've been called to the phone for the idlest of chat, when there was much work to be done;

But never before have I realized quite the thrill of a message, forsooth,

Till over the wire came these words that I write, "The baby, my dear, has a tooth."

*Edgar A. Guest.*

From "Just Folks,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
The Reilly & Lee Company.

## THE DIFFERENCE

**E**IGHT fingers,  
Ten toes,  
Two eyes,  
And one nose.  
Baby said  
When she smelt the rose,  
"Oh! what a pity  
I've only one nose!"

Ten teeth  
In even rows,  
Three dimples,  
And one nose.  
Baby said  
When she smelt the snuff,  
"Deary me!  
One nose is enough."

*Laura E. Richards.*

From "In My Nursery,"  
Copyrighted by Little, Brown and Co.

## FRESCOES

**S**HE could not toddle by herself  
Across the room so wide;  
But staggering on from chair to chair  
She reached the other side,  
And gleefully she cried.

Or if no chair could lend support,  
Her floor-acquainted hands  
Left smeary record on the walls  
Of tours in far-off lands—  
And there the record stands.

My stricken heart is desolate;  
And no memorial calls  
To me of her, in all the house,  
Save one—that smudge which sprawls  
Across the yellowing walls:

Marks hallowed as dim frescoes wrought  
In churches long ago  
That still look down on worshipers  
Who, kneeling meek and low,  
Heaven's full, rich blessings know.

But ah, the artist perishes,  
Though lingers still the shrine;  
And nevermore shall she who traced  
Those baby marks divine  
Lay her sweet hand in mine.

*St. Clair Adams.*

TO LAURA W——, TWO YEARS OLD

**B**RIGHT be the skies that cover thee,  
Child of the sunny brow,—  
Bright as the dream flung over thee  
By all that meets thee now,—

Thy heart is beating joyously,  
Thy voice is like a bird's,  
And sweetly breaks the melody  
Of thy imperfect words.  
I know no fount that gushes out  
As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou might'st ever be  
As beautiful as now,  
That time might ever leave as free  
Thy yet unwritten brow.  
I would life were all poetry  
To gentle measure set,  
That naught but chastened melody  
Might stain thine eye of jet,  
Nor one discordant note be spoken,  
Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these  
With woman's lot are wove:  
Wrought of intensest sympathies,  
And nerved by purest love;  
By the strong spirit's discipline,  
By the fierce wrong forgiven,  
By all that wrings the heart of sin,  
Is woman won to heaven.  
"Her lot is on thee," lovely child—  
God keep thy spirit undefiled!

I fear thy gentle loveliness,  
Thy witching tone and air,

Thine eye's beseeching earnestness  
May be to thee a snare.  
The silver stars may purely shine,  
The waters taintless flow:  
But they who kneel at woman's shrine  
Breathe on it as they bow.  
Peace may fling back the gift again,  
But the crushed flower will leave a stain.  
  
What shall preserve thee, beautiful child?  
Keep thee as thou art now?  
Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,  
At God's pure throne to bow?  
The world is but a broken reed,  
And life grows early dim—  
Who shall be near thee in thy need,  
To lead thee up to Him?  
He who himself was "undefiled?"  
With Him we trust thee, beautiful child!

*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

## TO ROSE

ROSE, when I remember you,  
Little lady, scarcely two,  
I am suddenly aware  
Of the angels in the air.  
All your softly gracious ways  
Make an island in my days  
Where my thoughts fly back to be  
Sheltered from too strong a sea.

All your luminous delight  
Shines before me in the night  
When I grope for sleep and find  
Only shadows in my mind.

Rose, when I remember you,  
White and glowing, pink and new,  
With so swift a sense of fun  
Although life had just begun;  
With so sure a pride of place  
In your very infant face,  
I should like to make a prayer  
To the angels in the air:  
"If an angel ever brings  
Me a baby in her wings,  
Please be certain that it grows  
Very, very much like Rose."

*Sara Teasdale.*

From "Rivers to the Sea,"  
Copyright by The Macmillan Co., 1915.

## MATER TRIUMPHANS

SON of my woman's body, you go to the drum and fife,  
To taste the color of love and the other side of life.  
From out of the dainty the rude, the strong from out of  
the frail,  
Eternally through the ages from the female comes the male.

The ten fingers and toes and the shell-like nail on each,  
The eyes blind as germs and the tongue attempting speech;

Impotent hands in my bosom, and yet they shall wield the  
sword,  
Drugged with slumber and milk, you wait the day of the  
Lord.

Infant Bridegroom, uncrowned king, unanointed priest,  
Soldier, lover, explorer, I see you nuzzle the breast;  
You that grope in my bosom shall load ladies with rings;  
You that came forth through the doors shall burst the  
doors of kings.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

From "Complete Poems,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

## INEVITABLE

**T**O-DAY I was so weary, and I lay  
In that delicious state of semi-waking,  
When baby, sitting with his nurse at play,  
Cried loud for "Mamma," all his toys forsaking.

I was so weary, and I needed rest,  
And signed to nurse to bear him from the room.  
Then, sudden, rose, and caught him to my breast,  
And kissed the grieving mouth and cheeks of bloom.

For swift as lightning came the thought to me,  
With pulsing heart-throes and a mist of tears,  
Of days inevitable that are to be,  
If my fair darling grows to manhood's years,—



Days when he will not call for "Mamma"; when  
The world with many a pleasure and bright joy,  
Shall tempt him forth into the haunts of men,  
And I shall lose the first place with my boy;

When other homes and loves shall give delight;  
When younger smiles and voices will seem best.  
And so I held him to my heart to-night,  
Forgetting all my need of peace and rest.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

From "Poems of Pleasure,"  
Copyrighted by and permission from  
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.



## BIRTH STONES

January .....	GARNET
February .....	AMETHYST
March .....	BLOODSTONE OR AQUAMARINE
April .....	DIAMOND
May .....	EMERALD
June .....	PEARL, MOONSTONE, OR AGATE
July .....	RUBY
August .....	SARDONYX OR PERIDOT
September .....	SAPPHIRE
October .....	OPAL OR TOURMALINE
November .....	TOPAZ
December .....	TURQUOISE

## FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS

January .....	SNOWDROP
February .....	PRIMROSE
March .....	VIOLET
April .....	DAISY
May .....	HAWTHORN
June .....	WILD-ROSE
July .....	WATER-LILY
August .....	POPPY
September .....	MORNING-GLORY
October .....	HOP
November .....	CHRYSANTHEMUM
December .....	HOLLY

## NURSERY PLAY

## BABY'S FACE-SONG

*(Touch for each line the forehead, eye, chin, etc.)*

BROW brinky,  
 Eye winky,  
 Chin choppy,  
 Nose nippy,  
 Cheek cherry,  
 Mou' merry.

*Another*

BROW bender,  
 Eye peeper,  
 Nose smeller,  
 Mouth eater,  
 Chin chopper,  
 Knock at the door—peep in,  
 Lift up the latch—walk in.

## FACE-TAPPING

HERE sits the Lord Mayor, (*forehead*)  
 Here sits his two men, (*eyes*)  
 Here sits the cock, (*right cheek*)  
 Here sits the hen, (*left cheek*)  
 Here sit the little chickens, (*tip of nose*)  
 Here they run in, (*mouth*)  
 Chin-chopper, chin-chopper,  
 Chin-chopper, chin!

## KNEE-SONGS

## I

AND pray, who now is riding?  
A lady it is that's riding:  
And she goes with a gentle trot,  
A gentle trot!

And pray, who now is riding?  
A gentleman it is that's riding:  
And he goes with a gallop-away,  
A gallop-away!

And pray, who now is riding?  
A farmer it is that's riding:  
And he goes with a jog along,  
A jog along!

## II

Here goes my lord,  
A trot, a trot, a trot, a trot;  
Here goes my lady,  
A canter, a canter, a canter, a canter;  
Here goes my young miss,  
An amble, an amble, an amble, an amble.

The footman lags behind because the day is fine,  
Then goes gallop, a gallop, a gallop, to make up his time.

## COUNTING BABY'S TOES

**T**HIS little pig went to market;  
This little pig stayed at home;  
This little pig got roast beef;  
This little pig got none;  
This little pig cried wee, wee, all the  
way home.

## COUNTING

**O**NE, two,  
Buckle my shoe;  
Three, four,  
Shut the door;  
Five, six,  
Pick up sticks;  
Seven, eight,  
Lay them straight;  
Nine, ten,  
A good fat hen,  
Eleven, twelve,  
Who will delve?  
Thirteen, fourteen,  
Maids a-courting;  
Fifteen, sixteen,  
Maids a-kissing;  
Seventeen, eighteen,  
Maids a-waiting;  
Nineteen, twenty,  
My stomach's empty.





















BMT  
PN6110.C4M56  
The Book of baby verse.  
Morris, Joseph, 1889-1947.

31404000481421